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Vol. CXXVI. No. 1651 SEPT. 12, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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The POLICE of the AIR

New York Creates the First Aerial Police Force in the World

The Air Service Division of the Police Department of the City of New York, organized a few months ago, at which time twelve patrolmen of the Department were detailed to take flight training, is now an active body. The purpose of the unit is to protect the lives and property of the people of the City of New York from reckless and incompetent flyers, constantly to patrol the waterways in search of small boats in distress, and any duties arising from emergency which the Police Commissioner may authorize. This division is equipped with three amphibian 'planes and one land 'plane. A police machine is seen above "patrolling" Manhattan

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A London Newsletter

ROYAL JEWELS—IN SUGAR: One of the remarkable exhibits at the Confectionery and Bakery Trade Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. Writing in a Sunday newspaper, the Marquess of Donegall commented on the fact that such an exhibition needed, as Sir Charles Higham remarked in his inaugural speech, high-class salesmanship, and described the show as a series of "three, four, or five *pal*" conferences—groups of salesmen who talked to each other instead of to the visitors

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 9, 1931

Sanity Returning.—Parliament has got down to it, and members have nobly put off their holiday mood and banished their regrets for a lost summer and a lost holiday. And things look better than we anticipated. The first bitterness of Mr. Henderson's followers has been modified and there seems to be a fair chance of opposition in the best traditions and on constitutional lines. At the moment, at any rate (and let us hope for some time to come), shades of opinion are merged, and there are two parties in the State, the rights and the lefts. My own view I need not stress again — namely, that MacDonald and Co. are right and that Henderson and his ex-Ministers are left, or likely to be left. Meanwhile the National Government—if its Whips are obeyed—is sure of a reasonably safe majority. Numerically it may be small, but its followers are for the moment united, and the uncertain factor of side issues and individual revolts in vital divisions need not be considered. There was much that was encouraging in the party meetings. The extreme gravity of the situation was not slurred over. The party leaders faced the facts, laid their cards on the table, and were able to estimate accurately the strength of their hand. Every day now is a day gained. Every evening the risk of a collapse in sterling is lessened. We are coming through the narrowest squeak the country has known since March, 1918. The nightmare is fading out.

The Case of Mr. Thomas.—The executive of the N.U.R. unanimously requested Mr. Thomas to resign from the National Government. He well knew that refusal implied dismissal from his post of political Secretary to the Union. He therefore resigned to save all concerned the embarrassment of a dismissal. And the executive decided he was not entitled to a pension. For twenty-six years Mr. Thomas has served this Union and has by his own persistence and shrewdness raised it to be the envy of the trade unions of the country. The railwaymen for a quarter of a century have banked on Jimmy Thomas, a negotiator of unrivalled genius, and often and often a thorn in the side of harassed Governments. There must be, despite that "unanimous voice" of the executive, scores of thousands of men and women, whose welfare is bound up in the railways, who to-day feel shame for the shabby and vindictive treatment meted out to him. The man who won for them more than their industry and the country could stand, is kicked out without so much as a testimonial, let alone a pension or gratuity. It is not encouraging to those who are devoting their lives to the betterment of the conditions of their fellow workers. But it is by no means an uncommon experience.

The Mouthpiece of Labour.—Mr. MacDonald can match it. At the moment these instances of ingratitude and illogical and vindictive punishment serve to show the bitterness of feeling engendered by the political crisis, and suggest that the mouthpiece of the trade unions cannot be depended on to speak from the heart of the workers. It is a belief I have long held; and in the week before Parliament reassembled there were a score of proofs that the Labour party and Labour men generally bitterly resent the hasty action of the T.U.C. executive and its assumption of authority to speak for half the nation; and hastily to commit it and its diverse interests to a blind opposition in which (in default of reasoned and practical counter proposals) self-interest and vindictiveness take the place of patriotism and statesmanship. But when in its whole long history has the mouthpiece of Trades Unionism voiced the opinions of a substantial majority of working men? The history of Trade Unionism is a record of tyranny matching the worst examples of the tyrannies it was created to smash.

The Under-Secretaries.—If our first feeling on reading the list of appointments to the junior offices of the National Government was one of regret at its size, we must remember that such posts are statutory, that even large scale economy is checked by man-made laws, and that when you are out to balance a budget as rocky as ours there is a deuce of a lot of work to be done in and out of Parliament. And there is another reflection to modify first impressions. Experience of governing is not easily acquired—the first two Labour Governments have given proof of the fact—and promising politicians must for ever be trained up. There are old hands among the new appointments, but there are also several welcome recruits. It is easy to pick holes in any list of appointments. Let us think twice before we criticize. We have at least a unanimous Government here, a courageous Government, with a welcome addition of Labour men and of Liberals beyond our expectation, while from the Conservative majority one can pick out half-a-dozen hardworking and promising young men who have done good service in opposition and deserve their promotion and the experience it will give them. Perhaps we may have a little respect left for them when they resign their portfolios. If so, it will be a welcome change in modern fashion.

The Coming Conference.—Gandhi is on the high seas, and that is more than we expected. Bombay went wild when he embarked, and gave him a riotous send-off. He declared himself a born optimist, with a profound faith in his divine mission, embarked on a well-nigh hopeless cause. More important, for the moment, he declared himself a good sailor. He embarked in a loin cloth, and everyone on this side hopes that his baggage contains more substantial clothing. For a shivering optimist never pulls off the 100 to 1 chance. Still, Gandhi is coming, and that is something—a temporary "bull-point" for England and for India, too. Exactly how we are to deal with all the vital business which these next few weeks or months will bring forward, I do not know. There will be enough of vital domestic matter to cause the Round Table Conference to shrink to the significance of a parish meeting, and I am not sure that that may not be for the best. Too much publicity is bad for Gandhi. Between this and Christmas two men at least, Mr. MacDonald and Sir Samuel Hoare, will have to work eighteen-hour days, and one of these two is not fit for the prolonged strain. Mr. MacDonald's self-imposed task would tax the resources of a superman. He has been overworked and overworried continuously for two years already.

The Last Hope.—Thrift was dinned into me (and others) in youth. We were urged to lay by against a rainy day, to take no risks, to make ourselves independent in old age by thrift, foresight, and prudence. In investing we were taught that "the greater the interest the higher the risk." Accordingly Government stocks and the prior securities and British railways received our savings. Sad, indeed, is our position to-day. We belong to the envied class of "rentier," the smug and prudent bourgeoisie. A quarter of our income goes in taxation at the source, and all last week we were wondering how much more might be extracted from us by forced conversion or a special tax on fixed interest-bearing securities. Though we have heaved one deep sigh of relief our lot is not an enviable one. As proprietors or creditors of the railways which are run at a loss, we are bled white to make straight and smooth the paths of our rivals who are killing our emaciated goose. Here, then, is a gleam of hope for railway investors, a shadow of a threat to Governments and our rivals: as a last resort we railway proprietors will cement over our permanent ways and become sole owners of a system of speed tracks all over England along which we shall move freight far more cheaply by means of cheap petrols than any competitor. All along our routes will spring up on our land factories and towns, and money will pour into our depleted coffers. One by one the road transport companies will go bankrupt and we shall buy them up, so that once more we shall enjoy a transport monopoly in England which we shall proceed to mismanage in blind arrogance until we are brought again to our knees by the development of air transport (against which, of course, we shall take no steps to safeguard ourselves).

By Air, if Possible.—During the recent spells of bad weather I was struck by the number of cancellations by public men of intended journeys by air. The Premier two or three times, the Prince once at least, and minor nobs galore were forced by weather conditions to travel like ordinary mortals, by the despised railway or waste a dozen hours of valuable time. During the first hectic meetings of the Economy Committee this must have been especially galling to Mr. MacDonald, for the Nairn and Elgin areas were surprisingly lucky in their weather at that time, and in any case constant night journeys are not only boring but tiring for overtaxed men. The truth is, we are not a stage nearer dodging the weather difficulties in flying than we were twelve years ago, nor do I see how we shall in another decade have a different tale to tell.

THE SICKLE OF THE SOVIET: *Left*—A woman Communist speaking under the Russian *ægis* in Hyde Park during a joint demonstration of the I.L.P. and the organized unemployed against the National Government. *Right* is M. Litvinoff, the Russian Secretary for Foreign Affairs, on his arrival in Berlin for conferences on Russo-German affairs, before proceeding to Geneva. These are symptoms that lend support to the "Russian Menace" obsession that dominates Mr. Winston Churchill

The Moors.—Parliament's reassembly has increased the difficulties of Highland tenants this year. So many engagements suddenly cancelled, so many butts to be filled at the last moment. And the weather during the first week's driving was so unkind that few moors could achieve more than one full day's driving out of three or four. And even so, the young birds were so backward that they could not face the butts, and bags were made up of 80 per cent. old birds. Which is good for the stock and for the lucky sportsman who comes north in September and is not mixed up in politics. Summer tardily arrived at last, dazzlingly repentant. And some excellent bags have been made. On Ballindalloch Sir G. Macpherson Grant got over 1,600 brace in three days, and Mr. Drake at Revack did as well. At Glenkindie on Donside all records have been beaten by Mr. Scott, as also at Glendye by Colonel Beddington. Nevertheless, unless the fine weather lasts another week, the grouse harvest of the Highlands—no bumper crop—may not be garnered.

Grouse on Blackdown.—When the time comes round to exchange my own quite comfortable house and the Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire heather moors for the simple life of Highland lodges and mist-clad hills, I often think of human beings as handcuffed to convention and hoodwinked by illusion. Upon my soul, Hindhead on a working day and Blackdown or Telegraph Hill on any day are the equals of the best that Scotland can show. Where will you find such fine views, such air, such ling and bell heather in the Highlands? There is only one difference between the Highlands of Surrey and of Perthshire. The former have more charabancs than grouse, and the latter (at present) more grouse than charabancs. I can leave the charabancs of Perthshire to Father Time. He is rapidly making up the deficit. But I shall myself take a hand in introducing and re-introducing grouse and black game into Surrey. There is no reason why black game should not return to their old haunts there, and as for grouse, they are now doing well in the south-west. I am thinking of taking measures to bring the Scottish Highlands to my own door, and I have been closely observing the heather and ling growth, and see no reason why grouse should not thrive round King Edward's Sanatorium and on Blackdown where the water supply is adequate.

Theory and Practice.—In an armchair one may advocate calling a halt to road expenditure and maintenance. But at the wheel of a car one appreciates the value of good roads. And surely nowhere in the whole world is there such a continuous stretch of billiard-table smoothness as the road north from Carlisle to Kingussie via Melrose, Edinburgh, Crieff, the Sma' Glen, and Blair Atholl. Last week under a deep blue sky and a golden sun I slid along that 250-mile stretch, that ribbon through Paradise, with a gentle following breeze, under the Eildon hills, past fair Melrose, under the shadow of Edinburgh Castle and Arthur's Seat, through storied Linlithgow, across the field of Bannockburn, through the purple and silver of the Sma' Glen, past the white Castle of Blair, and gently up to the 1,500 ft. level of Drumochter Pass and so as gently down to the loveliest of all Highland valleys, Kingussie. And as I went I remembered the old Highland road and the endless and dreary adventure of the drive from Perth to Inverness and, for a moment, I repented of a recent diatribe against paving our roads with gold.

OLD STAGER.

ROYALTY IN SCOTLAND: The King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of York drive to service at Crathie church

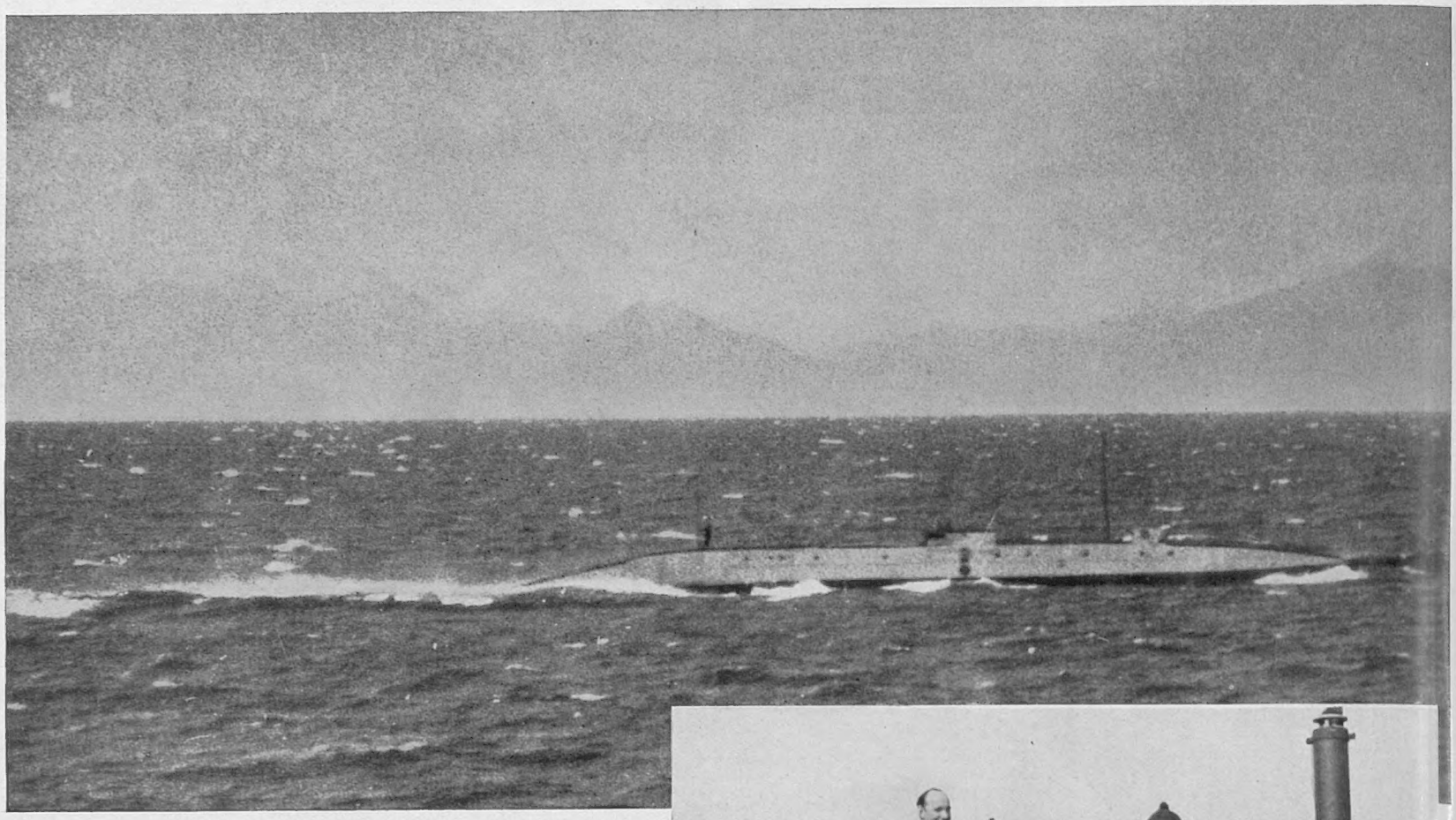
GLIMPSES *of the* WEEK'S NEWS

THE HERO OF A FIRE: Mick, an Airedale terrier, whose intelligent anticipation and devoted loyalty saved the lives of the occupants of a house at Ilford by warning them of a conflagration. In trying to escape himself, Mick jumped through a window and broke his forelegs, and he is here seen at the Ilford Sanatorium of the Dispensary for Sick Animals with his legs in plaster of paris

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL: Mr. W. G. A. Ormsby-Gore, who has been affiliated with governmental concerns for fifteen years. In the last two Conservative Governments he has held the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies and has been on many Special Committees. Much of his work has been done in the Near East

The "NAUTILUS" UNDER *the* ICE

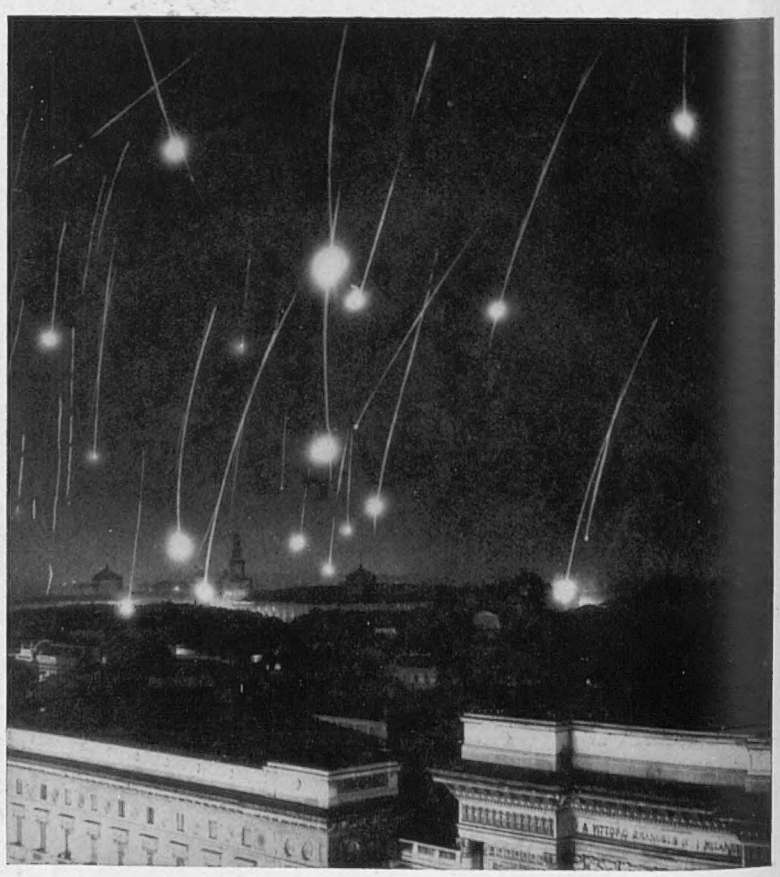
And Memories of the Past and Preparations for a Future War



THE SUB-GLACIAL SUBMARINE: The *Nautilus*, glimpsed on her Vernesque voyage to the North Pole from the deck of R.M.S.P. *Atlantis*, near Tromso. After an ominous silence news was heard of Sir Hubert Wilkins to the effect that the ship had behaved admirably under not only water but ice. The hull has been, however, scarred and dented, the runners have been crumpled, the drill mechanism has been shattered by the battle with the frozen elements. Great fangs of ice were glimpsed moving through the water. As we go to press, the *Nautilus* emerged in lat. 81.40 N., long. 11 E. Considerable scientific work has been done in the achieving of a "seal's eye" view of the Arctic pack. The eerie scrunching of the ice and the terrific pressure have made the crew's ordeal a heavy one

ON THE BRIDGE: Sir Hubert Wilkins and members of his devoted band aboard the *Nautilus*. In a vivid despatch, Sir Hubert stated that "the weight of the ice carried on the submarine's superstructure feels, as we are forced down, to be transferred to our own weak shoulders. The scrunching of heavy, uneven ice is a fearful, unearthly sound unlike anything we have ever heard before"

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE CELEBRATED AT MEAUX: Last week a telling ceremony commemorated at Meaux the great sword-thrust of the Latin delivered when "Papa" Joffre, having enticed the invading army to advance beyond its artillery, hurled it back from its menace to Paris. *Above*—THE MASSED FLAGS ARE SEEN RANKED BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL. M. Dumesnil, Minister for Air, General Gouraud, the one-armed hero, and notables—civil, military, and ecclesiastical—were present



MILAN ASSAILED FROM THE AIR: A remarkable picture showing the scenes the city has been living through during the recent aerial manœuvres held above it in the same manner as those held a few weeks ago in London. Dummy incendiary bombs gave the appearance of a gigantic pyrotechnic display. A few are seen above bursting over the huge new station. The light streaks are caused by the path of the bomb recorded on the photographic plate

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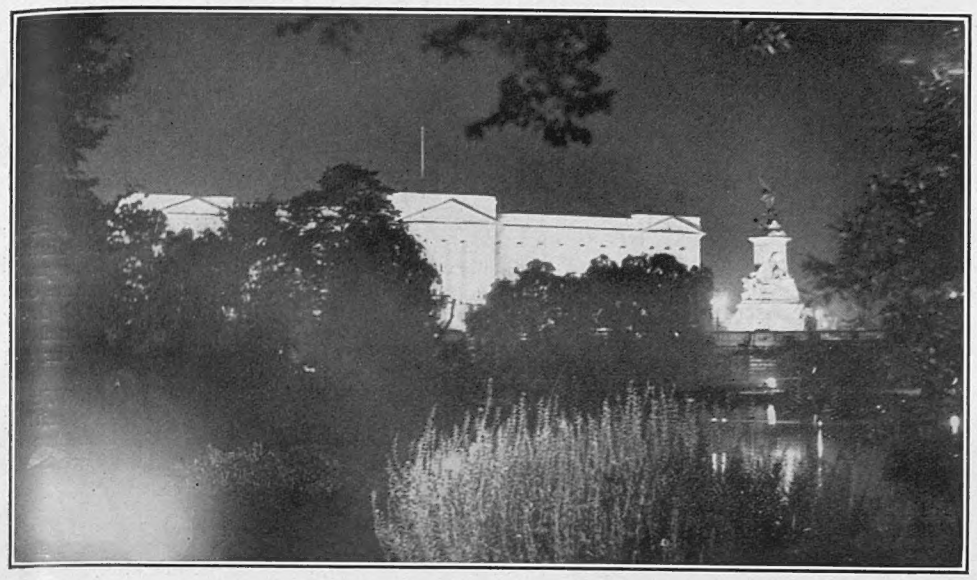
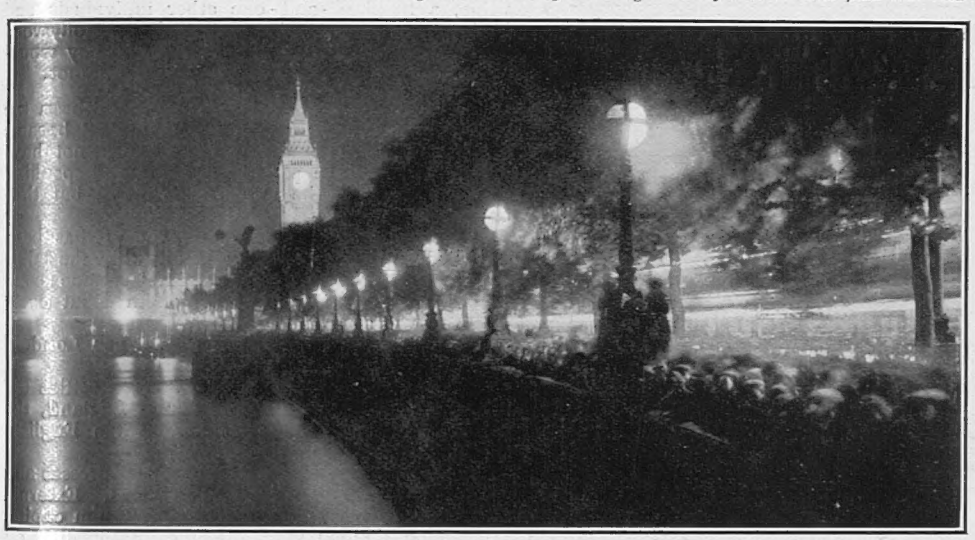
THIS FLOODLIGHTING



The façade of Buckingham Palace as it appears when floodlit—a blaze of unmodulated light

London has now witnessed the effect of floodlighting on several nights. On the opening day there was a traffic jam so arresting to the cars and to the sightseers' attention that the effect of the illumination took a secondary place—burst radiators and other troubles did no good to the crawling vehicles. On succeeding nights the roads were clear and one could observe with greater safety the various effects of floodlighting and its reaction on sightseers and passers-by. It soon became evident that the more modern the building the better the effect. The new wine of floodlighting did not seem to agree with some old buildings at all. The Horse Guards Parade, which was lit from end to end and looked like a cardboard frieze, scarcely got a glance, while the Tower of London produced only an odd effect of daylight when seen close at hand. The modern façades of the Imperial Chemical House and Thames House were illuminated with great clarity and precision, their structure and detail being enhanced rather than obliterated. The central tower of the Underground Railway building which for some time past has had



London's Embankments crowded with spectators night after night — first the Londoner, then the suburban dweller, and finally the provincial

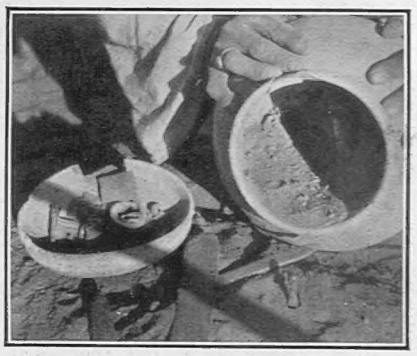
its own private scheme of illumination, proved hard to beat. Here the isolation of its white solidity shone up in vivid contrast to the velvety darkness around. The floodlighting of flowers in St. James's Park was not as effective as might have been supposed. As the days passed the outlying districts and the provinces began to roll up in their coaches after London itself had done with the floodlighting and calculations began to be made as to the value of this "Carnival of Light." It was estimated that if everybody was spending three shillings a head in London what a large expenditure was taking place in that area. How the spending of paterfamilias upon motor coach fares for himself and family fitted in with a great National economy scheme was not stressed. It was also estimated that Buckingham Palace could be floodlit throughout the year for quite a small sum, but whether His Majesty's convenience or permission had been consulted was also not stated. People interested in attracting foreign visitors to London are of course very interested in the scheme. They are hopeful over the effect of lighting up our steeples and domes in the pretty fashion that we have seen during the last few fine nights. The whole matter of the floodlighting of London requires to be seriously considered from many angles, and the green hue which poor Lord Nelson receives under concentrated rays must be one of them

The clear cut effect of a lighting scheme on the façade of Imperial Chemical and Thames Houses — one of the more effective of the floodlighting carnival

OLD EGYPT *in* LONDON

A noblewoman of the fifteenth dynasty is here represented. The collar and the glazed beads are genuine and were taken from a mummy

The Egypt Exploration Society has just opened its annual exhibition; this year it takes place at the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, 54, Wigmore Street, W.1. Admission is free. It comprises three sections: a loan collection of Egyptian jewellery, probably unique, together with the results of the excavations last winter at two of the Society's sites. As well as the objects found, there can be seen at the exhibition architectural plans and models, including a full-size reconstruction of a sacred bull-burial from Armant, near Luxor, where Dr. Robert Mond, President of the Society, discovered the *Bucheum* or Bull-cemetery a few years ago; and a scale model, highly-decorated, of a typical eighteenth dynasty house in its grounds.



A crock filled with gold and silver bars and a tiny figure of a Hittite god in silver with a gold cap. A case has been arranged to represent the moment of discovery as in this photograph with the gold pouring out, and the small figure in the foreground

The oldest thing in the exhibition is a necklace made of green-glazed steatite beads, as pretty a thing as any modern woman might wish to wear, long enough to be looped round the neck several times. It is about 6,500 years old. An engaging feature of this exhibition is the intimate personal nature of so many of the relics. It makes one forget their age. Surely, one thinks, looking at these rings and necklaces, scent-bottles and bracelets, these jars and domestic vessels, these reconstructed dwelling-houses and tombs, the men and women who wore them or used them or inhabited them must haunt the room. The ghosts seem more real than the wax, life-size figures of Egyptian ladies in the dress of their period which have been cleverly reconstructed.

A perfectly modelled and painted limestone head of a princess, only 1¾ in. high. The original is on view at the Exhibition

A very fine coloured and sculptured lintel at the moment of discovery. It gives the name of the owner of the house, "Hatiay, overseer of the King's works." This and the blue brick are represented at the Exhibition by very fine casts, as they were retained by the Cairo Museum

There are two child's necklaces there — one of beads fashioned in the shape of cornflowers, another of beads made like leaves—which conjure up instantly a picture of the warm, brown little neck that wore it under the Egyptian sunshine of 3,000 years ago, and the little brown fingers that threaded it so carefully. One of the gems of the exhibition is an exquisitely modelled head, no bigger than a walnut, made of painted limestone — a woman's head, wearing a wig not unlike a modern lawyer's. It is probably the head of Princess Ankhsenpaaten, daughter of King Akhnaten.

JAPAN—
Love Fights Imperial TRADITION

The royal reign of love has begun in Japan—that land of cherry blossoms and traditional joy, where up till a few short years ago young love among the royalty was a thing unknown. Marriages were arranged by parents and for the benefit of the ruling family. Young love never had a chance.

The latest member of the royal family to defy the custom of the ages is beautiful Kiyoko Asaka, youngest daughter of the famous royal family of the Imperial Court, who, a few days ago, left the sacred portal of her ancestral home to wed the choice of her heart, young Naoyasu Nabeshima. He may be absolute king of love, but only a commoner when it comes to Imperial ranking.

In the famous rites by which she relinquished her nobility, she bade farewell to the Imperial family and went forth alone to meet her bridegroom, shorn of her rank as truly as if she herself had been born into obscurity instead of the daughter of the sister of the ruling monarch's late father.

Japanese royalty is like that—the interweaving of the royal houses is as intricate as the design of an Oriental tapestry. Those closely allied with the reigning family have very little or no liberty when it comes to love, and by forsaking her ancestral lineage, this young girl, still in her early teens, is pointing the way to marital freedom, which her ancestors never had.

But with the ascension of Prince Hirohito to the Imperial throne of his ancestors, the liberty of love was declared. For this young prince himself married a girl for love. True, she was selected by the high officials, but she was a young blue-blooded princess who had been a childhood playmate, and to whom he gave his heart in love and his hand in Imperial favour.

PRINCESS TAKAMATSU, the sister-in-law of the Mikado, was, before her marriage, Miss Kikuko Tokugawa

Those old-fashioned in the ideas of Imperial love shake their heads in sorrow and murmur that the Sun Goddess of Nippon is angry at this freedom from traditional ritual. For the great gods have given the ruling family four daughters but no sons to carry on the traditional line of rulers who have sat upon the Nipponese throne, in unbroken ascendancy from Jimmo Tenno, "The Emperor of Divine Valour," who reigned from 660 to 585 B.C., to the present day.

A new outburst of the ancient traditional rights of the royal family came to the public notice recently, when it became known that the younger brother of the Emperor, Prince Yasuhito Chichibu, and his charming wife, Setsuko Matsudaira, daughter of the Ambassador to the United States, must await the birth of a royal son in direct line before they can have children of their own. Until the older son—the present Emperor—has a male heir, it is quite against custom for the younger prince's wife to be more than a wife in name. In this way the integrity and unity of the ruling branch of the royal family are solidified. There are no "royal princes" to grow up and interfere with the ascension, should strife between closely-related members of the ruling family break out. By ancient decree, no woman may sit upon the throne of Japan. There must be a son. When no male heir is apparent then all the other members of the royal family must await the edict of the Emperor and remain childless.

While this is not so closely enforced in the Imperial families at Court, there is still great decorum in the traditional arrangements for marriage, and the young sons and daughters of these outstanding allied families must—unless they break the bonds of ancient codes await the edicts of the elders before binding themselves in matrimony.

It is not strange that the youngest princess of the House of Asaka should thus defy tradition, for her own mother and father were among the first of the royal family to fly in the face of tradition and travel to America quite as any "tourists" might visit a foreign country. Such freedom was, in 1925, quite unprecedented, and they were the first couple of royal Japanese lineage to ever visit the United States.

Princess Asaka, the mother of the Princess Kiyoko, was in those days a modernist, and it is quite likely that she sanctioned the marriage of her daughter with a commoner.

L. B.

GOVERNMENT
The Latest News from St. Stephen's Battle-front

The present condition of the National Finances, in the opinion of His Majesty's Ministers, calls for the imposition of additional taxation and for the effecting of economy in public expenditure. His Majesty recommends Parliament to give their earnest attention to any proposals for this purpose which might be submitted to them for their concurrence. — *A Message to Parliament from the King*

THE PREMIER: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who has put country above party, goes through crowds to the inaugural session of the House under the National Government, followed by Miss Sheila MacDonald

THE CROWD which assembled outside the Palace of Westminster to watch the members going to the National Government's inaugural session on Tuesday afternoon

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: A scene at the corner of Whitehall showing the crowds assembled to cheer, boo, or watch the arrival of Ministers and members at the inaugural session of Parliament under the National Government

After one of the most restless sittings, the inaugural session after the recess terminated in the passing of a vote of confidence in the National Government by a majority of fifty-nine — three Labour M.P.s abstaining

LONDON—
The World's Talkie CAPITAL

When I left New York for England a few weeks ago, no fewer than three separate and distinct conferences were on between agitated film magnates and their European representatives. All were concerned with the same tremendous question, the decay of Hollywood as the world's film capital and the necessity for making preparations to cut clear and move to a new location.

The new location will be in the Old World. More, it will be on the outskirts of London, with, I have good reason to believe, the same outlet to an offshoot of the sea that Hollywood possesses at Santa Monica, on the Pacific edge, to-day.

The sea coast offshoot will almost certainly be at Brighton, where a huge site already exists along with all the requisite plans. There will arise the film stars' seaside playground, their beach clubs and bungalows.

When? I should say well inside the next five years. I do not make these prophecies altogether on my own judgment. They are the results of talks I have had with many film magnates, representatives, heads of film-booking agencies, theatre chain proprietors, and others in a position to know—men who control the vast world film industry. I did not have to "pump" anybody much either in Hollywood or New York on the subject. No one in the film production business is talking of anything else at present.

As for the vested interests of Hollywood—the stars who are going to be displaced, the landed proprietors whose properties are going to slump in value, a hundred-and-one other individuals and business concerns who have grown fat on Hollywood . . . . well, you should hear them. They would do anything to stop the exodus, but they cannot.

And let me tell you why. The star had been the thing. Now "the play's the thing" became the motto of the film-makers. They might not have wanted to allow the play and the English-speaking actor to dominate the talking film scene, but they could not help themselves.

The world-public has been patient. It has been prepared to listen to almost anything while the talkie makers were learning the game. It has gone to see its old favourites in their talking film début *once*. But once was enough.

The magnates do not want to come to London. Very jealous they are of England.

But the talkie holds the field. That settles the matter once and for all in favour of England, the natural and geographical centre of the English-speaking world.

The playwrights are here, also the actresses and actors. Climate is not the factor it was. External scenery is less of a problem with a film capital centred on London than a film capital centred on Hollywood. Within a few hours of London in any direction, the most varied scenery in the world is available, from tropical deserts and mighty forests to snowy mountain ranges and icy lakes.

Any good talky film made in England will sell in America. The market the film-makers have to look after runs to an aggregate of nearly 40,000 cinema theatres out of the world total of about 62,000; that is to say, 40,000 of the theatres want English-speaking talkies, and this 40,000 includes all the big capacity and profit-making theatres.

In addition, the film-makers will also be making French and German, and perhaps also Spanish and Italian versions, of every good talkie they turn out in London. In Hollywood they cannot do that. The foreign actors are not at hand. They would have to send across the Atlantic for them. But in London they can collect complete foreign casts in twenty-four hours if necessary.

The whole movement is one of the greatest possible national interest. In the States the movie industry is the third largest of all the great industries. Its profits are enormous, its spending power simply tremendous. Its market is a world-wide one. Its power to push American goods by indirect advertising is almost beyond imagination.

Translate that into terms of a new British industry and the effect in this compact island will readily be perceived. The world tentacles that radiate from Hollywood will radiate from London, and the wealth that pours from the world into Hollywood will pour into London.

Though the initial financing must be American, the industry will soon become a predominantly British one, although utilizing many foreign experts, as the electrical and chemical industries in England do to-day, once it is transplanted here.

The call on human material—actors and actresses, on playwrights, technicians, skilled workmen—the building interest, and many others will be on the largest scale. And although at first I expect the producers and camera-men will be largely imported from the decaying Hollywood centre—our men don't know enough about the game yet—it should not be long before the industry finds the bulk of its men in both these highly specialized fields at home.

X.

MILITARY MATTERS

Mechanical Manœuvres and a New Helicopter

VISITORS TO MANŒUVRES: Military attachés from Hungary and Italy chat to Lieutenant-General W. St. G. Kirke when attending inter-brigade manœuvres in the Richmond district of Yorkshire

THE NEWEST HELICOPTER: A picture of the new *Clinogyre*, invented by Messrs. Odier and Bessiette, which has just undergone searching tests at Saint Cyr. The two double-bladed propellers on top turn solely by the force of the wind and not by motors. The theory is to help planes which are falling to drop slowly. The *Clinogyre* was tested on a special trial carriage propelled electrically along rails at 80 m.p.h. Speed, air resistance, pressure, etc., are all automatically registered

BRITAIN'S LATEST TANK: One of the new high-speed light tanks seen for the first time at the tank manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. They are largely used for observation purposes and can travel over almost any kind of ground at comparatively great speeds. This new tank carries one gun in the position shown; the officer in charge is seated on top with his legs inside the little gun turret. At Warminster the manœuvres are held up by rain, the surrounding terrain having become a quagmire

Part of a Lama Procession (Carrying Copper Tubas)

THE MOST REMARKABLE TRAVEL BOOK OF THE YEAR

When an artist who is also a psychologist "with a genius for adventure" sets himself to explore a country, and to record faithfully by line and letter the result of his observations, a book of undying value comes into being.

Mr. Strasser's drawings are solid and palpable; the representation is alive; no less so his exposition of a country of grim loveliness, whose people are humorous and courageously enduring—their name, *Mong*, signifies brave—who can give themselves up to fanatical asceticism or barbarous cruelty according to the dictates of their religion. To quote from the foreword of *The Mongolian Horde:*

"The people who are the outcrop of those negative-natured countries draw near to God in the realization of their own nothingness."

And again a few chapters ahead: "For the last thousand years the teaching of Buddhism has deadened in this race every positive acquiescence in life. Their original beliefs were the outcome of incomparably great and severe conditions of Nature, its terrible acts of violence inspiring them with a vividly fantastic belief in the presence of adverse spirits and demons. Buddhistic teaching showed them the way to liberation from bodily suffering by renunciation. This turning away from a world of strife has weakened their power of expansion and growth, and they are unable to withstand the pressure of materialism from without."

In his opening chapter the author is already under the spell of those remote, implacable uplands. "As the daylight recedes from the valleys and ravines, fear stalks abroad with outstretched claws, and all life dwindles to puny insignificance. Thunder mutters across the wide spaces like a deep-voiced choir of chanting lamas, accompanied by the rattle of prayer-drums and booming gong notes; and, like the clicking beads of their rosaries, large drops of rain splatter down on the spongy moss-clumps of last year's growth that cover the ground."

After a ten hours' march Mr. Strasser is lying on sodden ground, too tired for sleep. The yaks are grazing round him. "These dignified and slow-moving creatures have iron sinews and a power of endurance schooled by the life-crushing distances they have to traverse."

ORIENTALISM

Picture after picture is evoked by the artist as he lies in shivering half-dream. He sees the leader of the caravan with his snow-goggles and matted, wind-tossed hair, and the inevitable prayer-banner fluttering from the ramrod of his long muzzle-loader: "As he walks he unceasingly draws a hand-long strand from a bundle of wool wound round his left arm, turning a spinning spool between his fingers, and so forming a thread which he then winds upon the spool."

And now he sees the lama who "in his dirty red rags wanders here and there in the blowing shadows of dusk, over the moss-covered ground which takes on the appearance of an ocean bed covered with large bath sponges. This moving spectre stoops repeatedly to seek for the droppings of animals that have long vanished, swallowed by time and space; he collects the dry dung as he circles around, vanishing and reappearing, a tiny, solitary human dot in this immensity of cold and mysterious Nature, crowned with a high girdle of ice-blue glaciers."

From artist to psychologist the tired brain trails its dream. Asiatic and European are involved in argument. The lama declares: "I, man, who have surmounted humanity, have overcome and discarded the world . . . the flesh-bound idea."

"Oi," exclaims Mr. Strasser, "is not your religion a retrogression? Has it not robbed you of development, progress, motors, railways? Has it not held you in a state of mere vegetating, animalistic existence?"

The lama replies: "Do you not perceive our attainment in the attempt to gain liberation from this hard earth now apportioned to us? Do you not perceive, *phelingi* (stranger), our hourly conquest over animal nature through a negation of life, won by an inner comprehension of the nature?"

Nevertheless this aloof Asiatic attitude was gradually being disturbed by the increasing restlessness of Western politics. An added appreciation of the chapter called "The Fool's Paradise" can be gained by reading concurrently *On the Frontier and Beyond*, by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick O'Connor, which deals with the political situation between Britain and the Tali-Lama in the years leading up to the Great War. The power of the Tali-Lama over the primitive Mongolian minds is shown in this vivid word-picture set down with all the truth and ruthlessness of Mr. Strasser's graphic mind: "I have come upon pilgrims from the north of Mongolia who did the journey from Urga to Shasa, a distance of about two thousand odd miles, crawling on all-fours. They would take three steps forward on hands and feet, then halt kneeling, and with folded hands touch breast and forehead, and throw themselves flat on their faces in the dust. Thus they moved in a long chain of bruised and dust-covered human worms, crawling across a desert of sand and stone, where there was no sign of human habitation. Their lips were parched to a deep violet, and their skins tanned and shrivelled by hot sand and icy frost. To our questions they were dumb, for silence is imposed upon them during their pilgrimage. Unceasingly they muttered 'Om mani padme hum,' with hoarse and cracked voices."

OCCIDENTALISM

The attempted westernization of Tibet is severely arraigned by Mr. Strasser, and in quoting a small part only of so significant a chapter as "The World of Others," some mutilation is unavoidable: "Misguided missionary attempts, sprung from pure ignorance, soon bring their own punishment. Their failure is due to a theory which in practice would reverse the manifestations of natural laws. The conditions that now shake the very foundations of Asia, and result in terrible havoc and chaos, are the outcome of European interference, in complete disregard of the natural laws within a race that cannot be ignored without destroying the nature-bound image they reflect. European materialism at present seeks contact with Nature only to harness it to its own uses or abuses, the individual ignoring the fact that he, too, is limited and bound by laws, in the fulfilment of which he lives as part of a vast plan of creation, but never as their originator or controlling power."

A Mongolian Archer

When Mr. Strasser arrived at Urga in Mongolia he found this premature cult in full bloom; the simple nomads, dazzled by the gaudy vulgarity of Russian mass-production, had thrown aside their own hand-made goods, whose admirable design, evolved through the centuries, proved the intuitive artistic rightness of the Mongolian people. But their dream of a brighter future was soon to be turned into a nightmare of slaughter. Strange and terrible is Mr. Strasser's description of the vengeance wreaked on the "Reds" of Urga by a Russian nobleman whose wrongs had maddened him to such a concentration of power that he swept aside the controlling troops of the Chinese Administration, and with a small band of killers he slashed and hacked at authority. Men, women, and children were massacred; blood was in the air; his gang became an outrageous force as he cut his way to his own doom, for he was finally betrayed to the Soviet. "When told he could buy freedom by singing the first verse of the 'International,' he asked his judges first to sing the Russian National Anthem! A few hours later a salvo rang out, and the worn blue Mongolian shirt, with the star of St. George's Cross hanging from the collar, sank into the muddy puddle of the Russian prison yard at Jekaterinenberg."

RITUAL

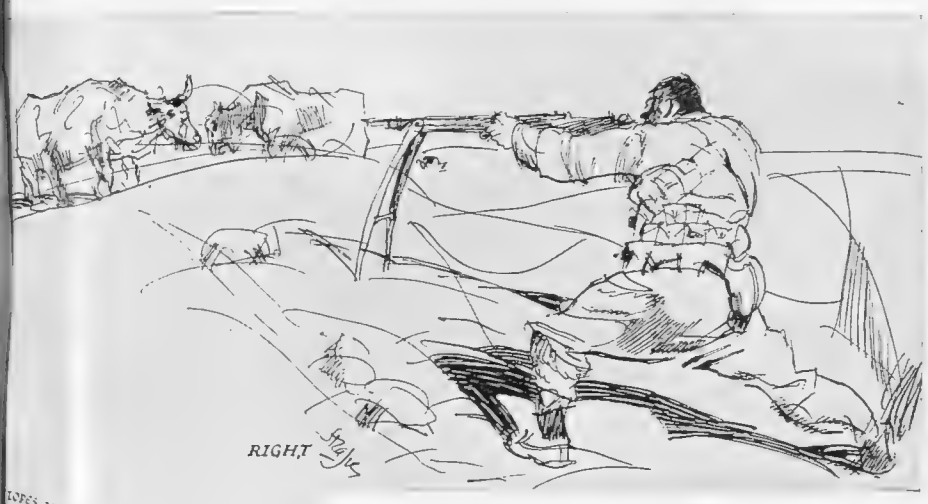
At Urga Mr. Strasser was arrested by the Soviet, his maps and diary were confiscated, and here and in the surrounding district he was detained for a year. It was a year of rich observation. In a flood of colour the Zam Festival comes before our eyes: "All the wonderful pomp of Mongolia lay spread out in the sun in a blaze of colours impossible to describe running up and down a full scale of orgiastic notes in gleaming silks—salmon pink, milky green, and pale blue; stiff gold brocades all patterned in brown and emerald green; rows of red lamas like the crimson flesh of a pomegranate; others in robes of citron and amber—with blue cuffs and black velvet hem that curved about the neck and breast like a note of interrogation; helmet-shaped hats in citron and saffron with black brims turned high and trimmed with blue bows; caps of clipped, woolly fur; clean-shaven heads of priests like pale tulips."

"THE MONGOLIAN HORDE"

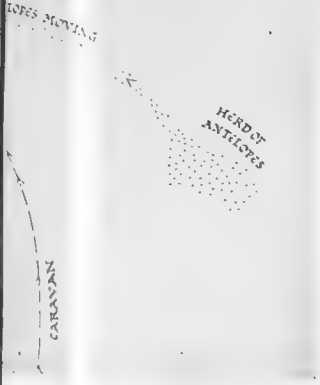
The Astonishing Narrative of Recent Travel and History in Remote Central Asia by Roland Strasser, Author, Artist, and Explorer. Published by Jonathan Cape

Described by M. M. PARRY

And now the portentous ritual of a Mongolian peasant funeral is revealed; the lamas are again to the fore; and if the business aspect of dying in Mongolia would appear slightly less complicated than with us, not so the ceremonial deemed necessary to free the spirit from the flesh. The monastery band—telescopic copper trumpets, conch shells' and skull drums—grunted and clashed a background to the lamas' exhortations. The rites continued for several days after life had deserted the stricken peasant, and until the wolves and vultures and dogs of the steppe had completed the obsequies.



Yak Hunter with His Gun Rest



Technique: A diagram of the behaviour of antelopes when a caravan approaches

used in this case would be picked men of the most dangerous type . . . compared with this breed of wolves Feng Yu-hsiang's troops were mere lambs. They had a natural leaning towards peace, and Feng was endeavouring to turn them into good burghers, taking children of ten into his army, with a view to keeping them under his supervision and watching over their education."

Small wonder that Feng sought the comparative calm of Moscow, there to take up the calling of his ancestors, "working as a simple tailor amongst the poor, and studying the will-to-power which overnight had arisen against an antiquated organization and an obsolete mode of life. How far he would realize that Russia's altruism, while decapitating the world, was only created as a subterfuge to veil a corrupt will-to-power, time alone would show. What was Asia driving at? It was sacrificing the happiness of its God-given culture of soul, and yielding its wide territory as a battleground for an alien cause. The lamb seeking the wolf on one side, to beg for help against the wolf's attack on the other."

In his efforts to escape from the zone of internecine warfare, terrible in its undisciplined reaction to unwanted power, Mr. Strasser's endurance was worn threadbare; his life was a matter of hourly chance, and horror accumulated on his path. On one night the world's loveliness might be his for a few moments. "Overhead the stars sparkled in boundless space, unbelievably bright in this crystal-clear night air. The whole cosmos seemed to be wheeling above me with its millions of stars."

And the next moment, some horror of senseless Chinese barbarity would lie moaning at his feet.

Here is an example of typical bandit ferocity. "On the chan built close to the hearth lay the figure of a man with a cloth thrown over his body, and his legs drawn up. I called to him and laid my hands on his quivering ankle. He did not notice, but went on emitting that terrible, monotonous high whimper, like wind in a chimney; so I returned to the other room for the interpreter, to see if some aid could be rendered, my ears torn and tortured by this dreadful wailing. The interpreter shrank from me and refused to come. 'That man was bound to die,' he said, 'for the robbers had flayed him' (he choked over the words and began to cough) 'in search of his hidden money.'" Mr. Strasser had stumbled upon one of the shambles of the Chakhar bandits whom, elsewhere, he describes as "incarnate fiends of hell."

Tibetan Caravan Leaders

RUSSIANIZATION

Mr. Strasser made his way to Kalgan in China in time to witness Feng Yu-hsiang's defeat by Chang Tso-lin—the former a muddled idealist dreaming of peace, and in his efforts to achieve it dealing out death and Christian sermons with impartial enthusiasm; the latter a Johol bandit who, "with his cruel sickle-shaped Tartar moustache and cunning eyes, was an enemy who would show no mercy. His soldiers were recruited from the same stock, and the troops

A Tibetan Soldier

THE MESSAGE

The sincerity of Mr. Strasser's exposition enables him to lead us from loveliness to cruelty and filth without offending us; his detachment from horrors as such redeem his work from ghoulishness; his business is with the psychology of a race, and he is determined to let no factor elude him in his exhaustive exploration. His final actual contact with a "modernized" Chinese army is illuminating in the extreme.

In one chapter he tells a tale of a dog given to him by a lama. This beast had created a reign of terror in the lamaserai on account of his fierceness and the fact that he fed solely on the dead flesh of humans. The dog's behaviour under his new owner, whom he adored, recalls the legends of the Caucasus rather than Turkestan, and the old obscenities of vampire and werewolf start unbidden from the page. But the tale ends rather on the note of Bedd Gelert, with the death of the faithful, beloved, but sinister and incomprehensible dog at the hand of his master, the author. The mystery of the dog—like that of the Golden Horde, with its history of conquest under Timur and Genghis, its legendary connection with Attila, its later tale of resignation bloodshot with cruelty—remains unsolved.

The hocus-pocus of Asiatic-cum-European politics, distilled in Mongolia, is his theme for several chapters, whose pattern is too closely designed to admit of quotation. So skilfully are his masses balanced and his lights and shades interwoven that, notwithstanding his uneasy preoccupation with the immortality of man and the fugitive hours of men, his book achieves a certain quality of flowing serenity, disturbed only in the later chapters, wherein his bitter exasperation is voiced against the futility of forced, so-called civilization, sterile wars, and retrogressive administrations.

A Chakhar Bandit

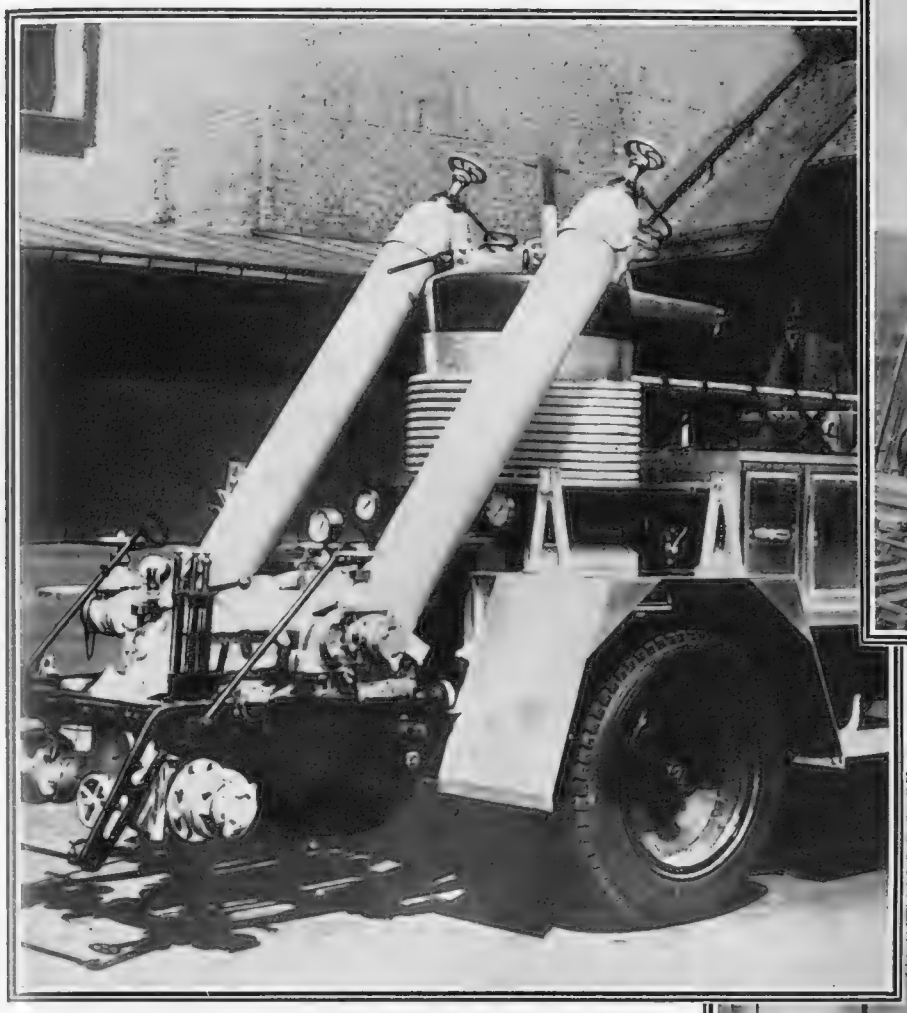
SPORT *Creates a* WORLD *of* GRACE

EQUINE DEXTERITY: Two evolutions performed at the Vienna Spanish Riding School at Salzburg, where the famous white horses of the Lipiscany Stud are trained. *On the left* is seen the *Levade* and, *on right*, the *Capriole*; this latter trick consists in making the horse spring perpendicularly into the air from all four feet, and, when in the air, to kick out with the hind legs. Those who have seen the grace and skill of Austrian competitors at the Horse Show will realize just what skill and practice are required to perfect these evolutions

AMERICA'S NATIONAL GAME INVADES THE PHILIPPINES: Baseball has achieved a considerable popularity in the American dependency in the Far East, but it is played without the armorial adjuncts used in the U.S.A. The Catcher (wicket-keeper) in first-class baseball uses a coarse mesh mask like a fencing mask with heavy metal, and a hauberk of padded cane

WOMEN DUEL IN GERMANY: The famous sabre duels of German students have gone, it is said, with Prussianism, but the graceful sport of fencing has come in with the athletic mania. Fräulein Molina von Kluck, the daughter of the famous "spearhead" General of 1914, is seen above learning to hold the foil

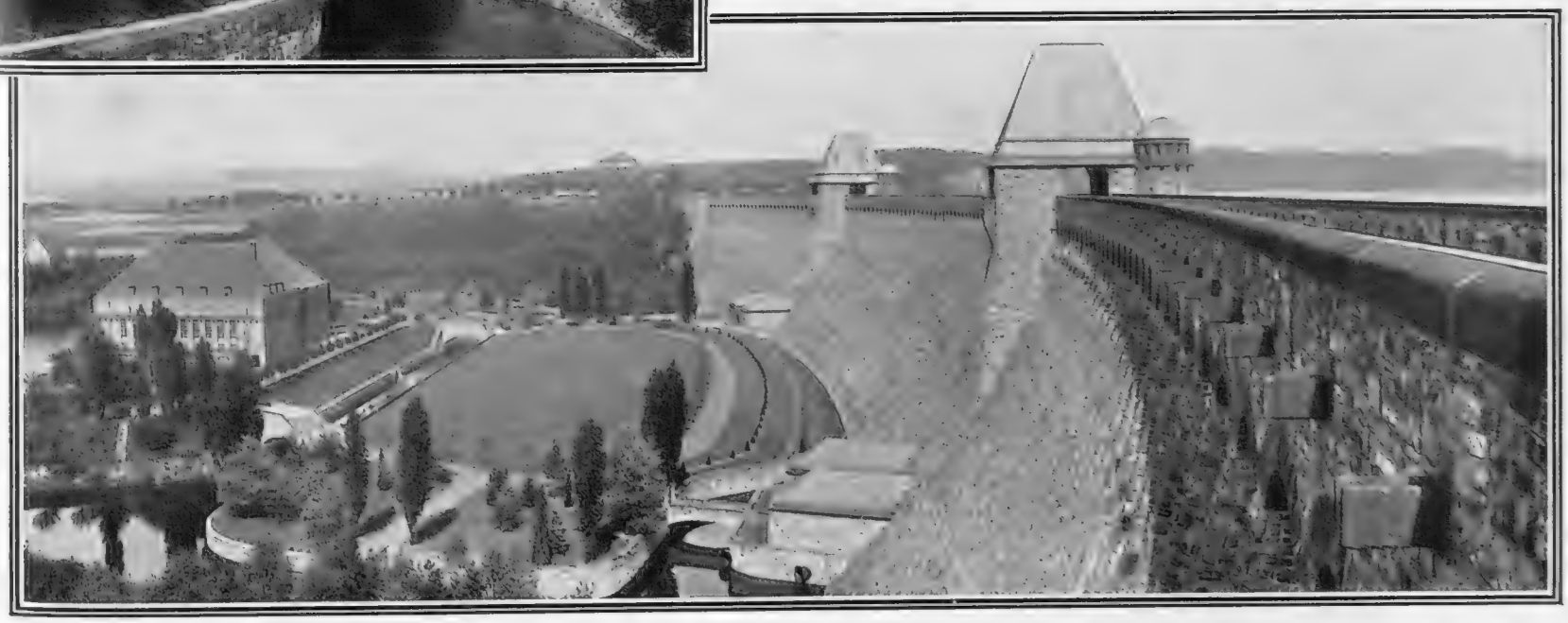
MODERN *Mechanical* MARVELS



THE FIRST POWDER FIRE ENGINE: This device, installed at Frankfurt-am-Main, combats fire not by water but by a chemical powder—a manifest advantage in cases of industrial fires where water would do as much damage to the goods in peril as the fire it prevents

THE COAL LOADER INSTALLED AT KING'S CROSS, which can store 500 tons of coal and can load a tender with 8 tons in 3 minutes instead of the 30 minutes it takes by hand. It is electrically driven. The coal is shot out of the chutes seen above

THE MARINE SHOP WINDOW: The main hold of the British Exhibition Ship which is to cruise South America laden with samples of British goods. Lord Auckland inaugurated the scheme, which promises to be very successful. The heavy machinery will be exhibited in this department



THE MÖHNE BARRAGE—THE BIGGEST DAM IN EUROPE: Not far from the town of Soest in Westphalia there is the magnificently situated Möhne barrage which, with its enormous dam, represents a gigantic construction. The whole of the construction, moreover, has been cleverly adapted to suit the aspect of the landscape; and the electricity works, situated at the foot of the dam, produce the impression of a castle standing in its own beautiful grounds. The entire structure of the Möhne barrage was carried out at the suggestion, to the plans, and under the supervision of the Government Councillor, Herr Ernst Link. The architectural design was prepared by Franz Brantzky. Four years were required to complete this immense work. The barrage is intended to regulate the waters of the Lower Ruhr. The height of the dam is 130 ft., the width of its "apron" 110 ft., and the width of the crown is 22 ft. The length of the dam is 2,100 ft. Its capacity is 135 million cubic metres, and the maximum flow of water is 292 cubic metres per second. *Inset* is a view of the Möhne power-house

THE LONGEST BRIDGE IN THE FAR EAST: The Doumer Bridge, which affords railway and motor connection between Haiphong and Hanoi, the capital of Tonking

An UNKNOWN Colonial EMPIRE

French Indo-China, Unconsidered by the Majority and Kept Unadvertised by France, is Here Revealed

Until the French Colonial Exhibition opened in Paris this summer it is doubtful if many people realized that France possesses a vast colonial empire beyond the Pacific. Indo-China, which is comprised of five countries, covers an area of 237,000 square miles and has a population of over twenty million souls.

Even to-day probably few of us could say exactly where Indo-China lies on the map. We think of China, then India, and then guess it must be somewhere between the two. Though this is correct to some extent, and Tonkin is situated immediately to the south of the Chinese province of Yunnan, yet in the south the Malay Straits Settlements and Siam intervene between Indo-China and India proper.

The policy of France has been to manage and conduct her overseas affairs unobtrusively and independently in her own way. She has neither brooked nor desired interference from other powers; has, in fact, rather gloried in her isolation and aloofness. Though we hear frequently in these days of uprisings and unrest in China and in India and other countries of the Far East, we never read of troubles in Indo-China. If they exist the world is not enlightened.

This land has variously been described as a "land of mystery," a "land of silence." In Angkor we are confronted with the ruins of a forgotten and unknown race, a people who have disappeared entirely, leaving no trace of their glory behind except these ruins. As we gaze upon these marvellous relics of a bygone age, now emerging out of a jungle of forest, we recall the story of our childhood days and visualize again the tale of the "Sleeping Beauty." But in Angkor the fairy prince never returned to break the silence and reawaken those who have slept through the centuries.

Hitherto visitors to Indo-China have not been encouraged; even the French settler without capital was not welcomed, and it is only since the more or less recent excavations of Angkor that any effort has been made to attract the tourist. Even so he is not expected to linger or to deviate from the stereotyped course. From Saigon a hasty trip is made by car to Angkor, the ruins are visited, and the return is made over the same route or else the visitor is passed on to Siam for Bangkok.

No tourist office will recommend a tour through Indo-China. They will insist it is not practical, that there are no facilities for travel, and that there is nothing of special interest beyond Angkor. And yet if one would wish to explore the unbeaten paths, see the people and conditions as they exist to-day, not through the eyes of some "conducted tour," there is probably no country in the Orient that has more of human interest to offer. True, the climate is unbearably hot for nine months of the year, and the facilities of travel are poor—one-third of the country has not even a railway—but one should choose the autumn months and make the best of everything else. There is a bi-weekly railway service from Hanoi to Saigon which takes three and a half days. Out of this a day and a half is spent on the Mandarin road in *de luxe* auto-correspondence cars which run in conjunction with the railways of the north and south.

From Hong Kong it takes four days by boat to reach Haiphong which is in Tonkin, and is the second largest port in Indo-China. Haiphong, however, has little of interest to offer the visitor, except that it is unique in having but one tide in every twenty-four hours. Some dozen miles up the coast we come to the Bay d'Along, which is considered one of the marvels of the Orient. It consists of an immense archipelago formed of thousands of islands and gigantic, eerie-shaped rocks that rise out of the ocean for an area extending for 800 square miles.

Along the shore of the Bay d'Along natives recount gruesome stories of Chinese pirates who abducted beautiful Tonkinese maidens before Tonkin came under French protection. The ocean is their burial ground, for when the Tonkinese gave chase the girls were ruthlessly thrown overboard after their bodies had been slit open so that they might sink and leave no trace of crime. Tonkinese women have always been noted for their beauty and grace as compared with their Chinese sisters.

To reach the Bay d'Along it is a tiresome journey from Haiphong unless one is fortunate enough to have a private launch at hand. I inquired about the best means of reaching Hongay, the little fishing harbour whence the boats put off to visit the islands and grottoes, but Haiphong does not care about tourists, and I was told there was only the postal *chaland* (a sort of river barge) that went up with the mail each day by way of the tortuous river and took several hours.

However, if one cannot reach Along there is always Hanoi, the capital of Tonkin and the largest city in Indo-China, boasting a population of 110,000. It is but a few hours by rail from Haiphong, and yet those few hours spent in the uncomfortable compartment of the Hanoi train will convey more of the native aspect of the country than any amount of literature on the subject.

You will pass through miles upon miles of paddy fields, and in the villages see the Tonkinese folk in their natural setting. The women carry bamboo poles across their shoulders balanced at each end with enormous baskets that they fill with vegetables, wood, sand, and even coal. Everything is transported in this manner, for never will you encounter a donkey or a cart. Occasionally perhaps an immense buffalo may be seen with a tiny boy, often quite naked, straddled across his back or else leading him along at the end of a rope. They never hurry, these great beasts, just go ambling along as they turn up the rice furrows.

In these fields you will see the women and girls tirelessly working with buckets hitched on horizontal poles as they mechanically haul up water from the dykes to be tossed into the ditches above for irrigation purposes. All cultivation is done by human power, for never is there the least sign of a mechanical implement in the fields.

And the men, where are they? Rarely in the fields; but when you stop at some little station and get a peep into a village, you will see them sitting before the door of their primitive, straw-thatched hut, as they assiduously seam up yards and yards of cloth from morning until nightfall. Then little glimmering lamps appear, but the work goes on. It is curious that so many Singers' sewing machines find their way into Indo-China, for no other make is seen and no other machinery is ever evident. But do not imagine that it is the fair sex who are engaged in this occupation. It is always the men who sit patiently treadling the wheel while the women are working out in the fields.

When eventually your little train comes panting into Hanoi you will receive a very pleasant surprise, for Hanoi is a charming city and quite cosmopolitan. It has lost none of its Eastern atmosphere while presenting a colonial aspect distinctly modern. The French have achieved wonders since they started colonization in 1885. To-day we see a city of marble and gold, possessing seven miles of beautiful avenues and boulevards, the Governor-General's palatial residence, magnificent government and administrative offices, a university, two museums, and many gorgeous banks built of white marble picked out in gold.

In the hotel quarter you find the Métropole, Hôtel de la Paix, Hôtel de France, and as you gaze at their little marble-topped tables laid out so neatly on the "terrasse" or pavement you begin to wonder if you have not alighted in some provincial town in France. The opera house serves for opera and theatre, but it has a pathetic air and is distinctly bourgeois. Here of an evening you may see monsieur, with his little Tonkinese wife, trying to forget that he is away from home, from his beloved France. Probably no race is less adaptable to the exile existence of the colonies than your Frenchman. But nevertheless these same men, but for their colonies, would probably hold some minor position at home, whereas here they have well-paid important positions in the administration.

When you have tired of the modern city you may wander at will down the native quarters, pass through the old rue de Soie, rue de Riz, rue des Voiles, and watch the natives making beautiful lace, coco-nut fibre mats, and marvellous brass and metal work. Stroll though any of these streets or the native market and you will always be struck with the stately walk and carriage of the women. It is the same grace and charm that strike you the first time you see them in the fields and villages the day you take your train from Haiphong. They appear to walk without the least restraint, and even when loaded with baskets at the end of her pole "la Tonkinese" never loses her graceful bearing.

The dress is likewise fascinating and distinctive. Both men and women wear the Oriental wide trousers and the long coat. The coats of the women reach below the knee, and are slit up each side so that they give a floating appearance as the wearer swings gracefully along. Often three coats are worn, the inner ones of a white material and the outer coloured chocolate-brown. Multi-coloured sashes are wound round the waist and hang down loosely in front. Women of the higher classes generally wear purple coats instead of brown. Hats, the most remarkable feature of the whole attire, are of straw of enormous dimensions, sometimes measuring over a yard in diameter. I saw one of these hats being used as a table for the family's dinner one morning in a square in Hanoi.

In Indo-China it is the women who play the most important rôle in the home, and it is madame who guards the purse-strings and also does the heavier type of work. You see her frequently with the inevitable baskets on her pole hauling bricks to and fro or unloading trucks on the wharf. The man merely looks on sometimes directing operations.

The natives are interesting though very timid. They have not yet learned the art of pestering the visitor for sous and cents. The French will have none of that, and they want no boosting. They keep their colonies, their beautiful cities, and their charming native women to themselves. Who knows but what their policy is not the best? If there are Bolshevistic uprisings or unrest in Indo-China, we certainly never hear about them.

Margaret Roper

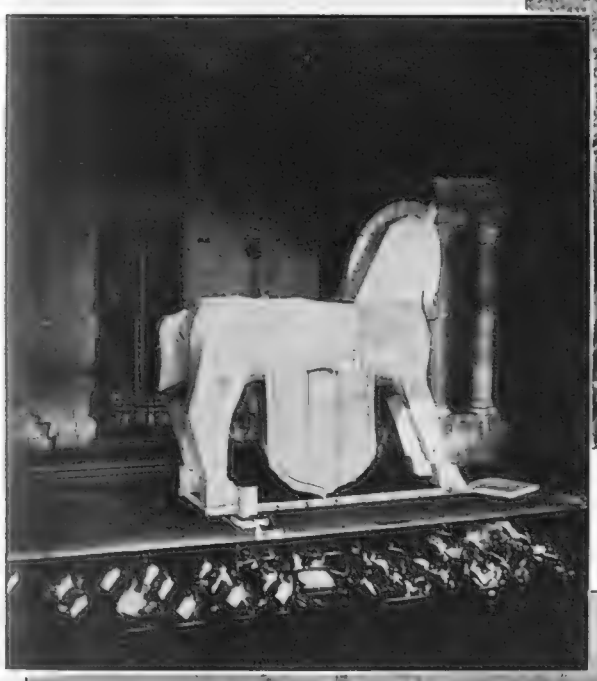
FOR WOMEN WORK THAT MEN MAY SLEEP! Freight at the port of Haiphong, the port of Tonkin and of Hanoi, the capital from which it is 74 miles distant by river, is largely handled by women porters, whose strength is surprising

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

SPATS WITH A FLYING SUIT worn by M. Dumesnil, Minister of Air for France at the great aerial manœuvres held by hundreds of machines in the vicinity of Nancy

DEALERS IN DIAMONDS : A scene on the Amsterdam Diamond Exchange. Rumours of a glut in these stones are, we are informed, unfounded. The diamond market is, naturally, quiet owing to the world-wide trade depression, for people are not likely to tie their money up in luxuries while they are in need of necessities

CATHOLIC GERMANY ASSEMBLES AT NUREMBERG : The Seventieth Annual Catholic Congress was held in Nuremberg at the end of last month. The proceedings were, with the usual artistic genius of the Church of Rome, very impressive. On Sunday, August 30, a festival service, the spectacular and emotional peak of the entire celebration, was held in the Stadium, which was thronged with a dense and devout crowd



A STRANGE PROXIMITY : This flock of sheep in Douglas, Wyoming, found difficulty during the heat-waves that have been afflicting the U.S. in finding a cool spot, owing to the fact that the oil wells take up a great deal of space. Much of the water in the lake is oily as a result of underground leakage from the oil wells in the background but the sheep do not seem to mind. Inset above is a moment during the production of Les Troyens *in Orange, the famous old town of Roman France whose Gallo-Roman walls form an impressive background to the alfresco production. The orchestra of Cologne was engaged for the presentation*

ENSHRINED *in* ICE

Curiosities of Mountaineering

CHAMONIX.

Climbers are not really morbid men. Yet the other evening as I sat among a group of them their faces raddled red with sun and wind, and their hands rough with rock and ice grips, I found their talk eagerly concerned with the tragedies of the mountains. Snow and ice play queer tricks with men. The discovery recently of the bodies of two Alpinists of Tyrol enshrined in ice with an unfinished game of cards between them, was another example of this freakishness.

"Actually, the warmest place in which to spend a night on the mountains is *inside* a glacier," remarked one of the climbers, enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke from his huge pipe.

The remark was challenged. He explained. One night the climbing party of which he was a member was caught on the slopes of Monte Rosa. Night had come swiftly. The hut was some miles away. Suddenly, their guide disappeared. They looked round, and he was no longer there. It was as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. Which was precisely what had happened. They were standing on a glacier, and the guide, having discovered a crevasse had climbed into the mass of ice. A moment later they heard his voice: "come down, all of you!" They hesitated. "You'll be frozen to death if you stay up there," insisted the guide. So, slowly and carefully, they descended into the depth of that river of ice. And there they stayed the whole night, their lanterns casting a queer shimmering light on the walls of their ice prison, but sheltered from the deadly freezing wind that hailed along the surface of the glacier. Except that the guide lost a finger through frost-bite, the whole party eventually reached their village in safety. If they had stayed above the ice instead of inside it, the party would have been caught by that dreadful snow sleepiness that brings death to those who succumb.

Ice enshrines many a mystery. When tragedy swept that victorious party from the slopes of the Matterhorn in 1865, a German geologist predicted that the ice would give up its dead. And, years later, it did. One of the survivors of that tragedy, a Swiss guide, bent in years and no longer a climber, was taken to identify those bodies enshrined in ice that a glacier had slowly carried down the slopes after many years. The ice had preserved the men in their youth. The old and bent Swiss guide was able to see his companions of that fatal climb with the flush of youth still on their cheeks, and the features preserved in their clean cut freshness. The only body that the ice did not give up was that of Lord Francis Douglas which still lies somewhere on the mountain.

Ice has been the enemy of more than one murderer. When a hole was dug in the ice of the Neva and the stabbed body of Rasputin thrust into it, the murderers of this Russian priest and powerful mystic imagined they had seen the last of him. But ice gripped the body and froze it with all its damning evidence of murder, and it was revealed to searchers as clearly as Banquo's ghost was seen by Macbeth. The great problem of the murderer, the disposal of the body, is increased a thousandfold in cold countries.

Recently in a northern river of the United States, the body of a girl enshrined in ice was found. She had been missing for some weeks, and her brother had spent days along the river banks searching for her. Within a night the river froze. The next day, the brother saw a hand, a perfect hand, reaching out of the ice in a beckoning attitude. Swiftly, the spot was approached and the searchers found the girl who had been shot, lying dead in the ice. So complete was the preservation that sufficient evidence was found to justify the immediate arrest of a young man. His subsequent trial for murder was another indication of the freakishness which ice can play in the lives of men.

The recent rescue of Courtauld from his lonely post in Greenland is an example of how men may live and endure in the depths of snow and ice. Courtauld's hut was completely enveloped by these two frozen substances. Except for a small air outlet he was cut off from the freezing atmosphere above. And perhaps this was as well. A man can exist in an ice and snow tomb better than by fighting the climate above.

Many of the trappers who work in the neighbourhood of Hudson Bay and the snow wastes of Northern Canada know the value of ice as a protection against blizzards. Some of these men may be found with toes and fingers missing, faces frost-bitten, and noses that suggest they have been mixed up in some bruiser's fight. But they cannot ignore the lure of snow and ice. Each season sees them ready for the great adventure in the white wastes.

I once talked with a climber who had been among the snow and ice of the Equator. He had just returned from a climb of Kilima Njaro, Africa's highest mountain. Although situated near the Equator, this mountain never loses its snow top. After a day's heavy climbing the man had reached beyond the "life-level" of the mountain. He was among crags and boulders where no vegetation, or even insects, existed. He might have been climbing the mountain of a dead planet. Yet it was in this lifeless region that, to his astonishment, he came across the dead body of a leopard. The leopard must have died four years previously. It lay upon a ledge of rock, at least a thousand feet above the "life-line" of Kilima Njaro. The mystery of that leopard, beautifully preserved by the cold, seemed inexplicable. One could only assume that the leopard had climbed in search of food and then found itself unable to descend. But there was really no need for the leopard to ascend such heights, as there was food in plenty in the valleys. And surely the instinct of the animal would not permit it to get into a spot where it was unable to descend. The mystery is still unsolved. The leopard, however, remains on the dead heights of Kilima Njaro for other climbers to see and ponder upon.

Many a Swiss guide and climber is still enshrined in the ice in the Alps. They have tempted the mountain again and again, and at long last the mountain strikes back. But it does not utterly destroy. The icy kiss of death on the heights has a beauty that contrasts with the ravages of disease.

And in that smoke-filled room with its climbers and careless talk I realized something of the spirit that seizes men on the heights. They take their chance and glory in it. Danger has its spice. And less than a mile away from where we talked was that little cemetery of Chamonix where some of the finest climbers are buried—Edward Whymper, Captain Arkwright, and others. Over all towers Mont Blanc, the mountain they conquered and which in turn conquered them.

W. J. Makin.

MOUNTAIN LIFE: An exhibit in the Alpine Museum of Munich, showing specimens of beast and bird

THE INSTRUMENTS OF ICE AND SNOW: Devices used in frozen lands collected in the Alpine Museum of Munich

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE XVIII CENTURY: The ascent of Mont Blanc by de Sassure in 1787—one of the relics in the Alpine Museum, Munich, an institution which should be better known to Alpinists

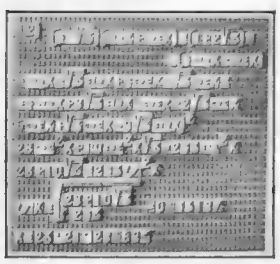
CROSSWORDS for the BLIND

Where the Blind Lead the Blind

PARIS.

In Paris there have just been recently completed three inventions to aid the blind of an entirely novel nature.

The new inventions are of a widely varied nature, from a game to an aid to education. Two of them were perfected by blind men, a truly remarkable example of the "blind leading the blind." The new inventions are of very great importance to people who have lost their sight. These inventions consist of a cross-word puzzle board; a new mathematical frame with figures, letters, and symbols used in the past by people who have the use of their eyes, and now adapted to the use of the blind for learning simple and higher mathematics, including logarithms and algebra; and a method by which blind people can build their own radio sets.



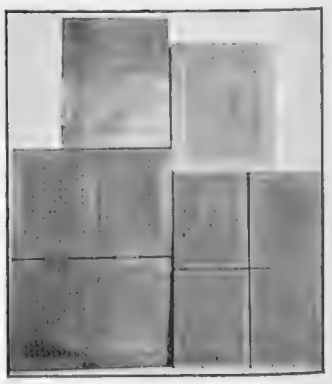
MATHEMATICS FOR THE BLIND: The frame with which even advanced work can be done

In addition to these new inventions, an improved typewriter has been evolved for the sightless, and a high-speed press to increase the rapid output of works printed in Braille. All these inventions have been thoroughly tested and approved at the headquarters of the American Braille Press, 74, rue Lauriston, Paris, the greatest publishing centre in the world for periodicals, books, and music for the blind. It supplies forty countries, publishes nine periodicals, and a hundred different volumes by the great writers of all countries.

The invention of a cross-word puzzle for the blind will perhaps be of greatest interest to the average reader in view of the fact that such puzzles have proved so fascinating to people gifted with sight. It was perfected by a blind French musician, Morris Anceaux, thirty years of age, living near Paris. The first cross-word puzzle put out by him was of brass rimmed with wood to raise the brass a little. The brass was hand-drilled with holes to hold large-headed short nails with which the blind form the words, and could easily feel. It cost, however, 15s. to produce. Then the workman in charge of the machine shop had a bright idea. He took one of the stereotype machines, the points of which ordinarily only indent the zinc plates used in printing. By lengthening the points on the machine he perforated the zinc. Thus, with the quickness of machine labour, the holes were cut in the thin zinc plate, and a cross-word puzzle board was turned out that was both cheap and light. Furthermore, by leaving a strip of zinc blank around the puzzle the surface was raised so that the little nails had a clear space beneath. The board finally produced has fifteen spaces each way, the standard size for cross-word puzzles, at cost of 1s. 6d.

Of far more importance though perhaps not of such great general interest, is the invention of a mathematical board completed almost simultaneously with the cross-word puzzle. By this board, simple and higher mathematics, including logarithms and algebra can be worked out by a blind person using the ordinary figures, letters, and mathematical signs. By a queer coincidence, the inventor of this frame is also blind, and has lost his left arm. His name is Vlodzimierza Dolanskiego, a native of Lemberg, Poland. He lost his sight and one arm in an accident some four years ago.

The third new invention is a radio set which the blind can set up for themselves at small cost. This invention was made possible by co-operation between French radio corporations and the American Braille press. The companies supplied a skeleton frame in which the dials have raised letters. The conveying of the information was the difficult problem which the Braille press overcame. Naturally, the instructions had to be more than just printed directions, so after much experimenting a whole complete diagram was worked out in relief.

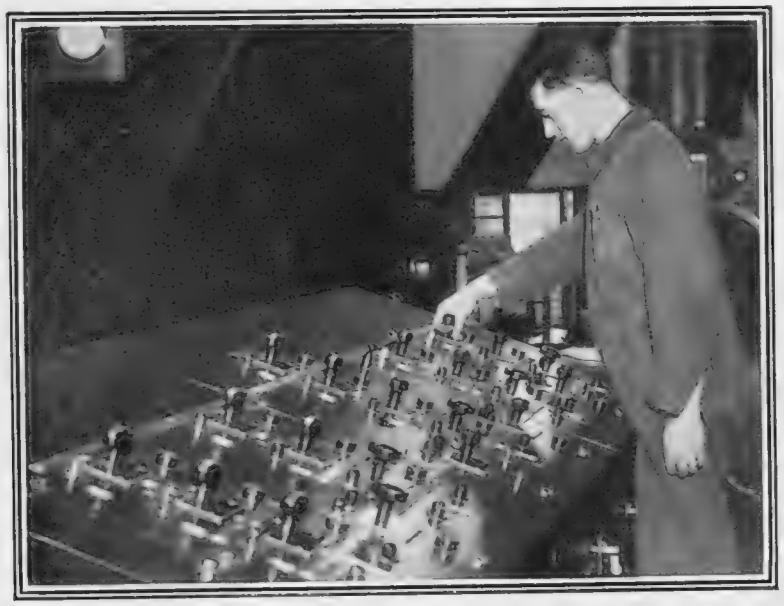


THE EVOLUTION OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE BOARD: The four views show the evolution of reduction in price

SKYSCRAPER ECONOMY

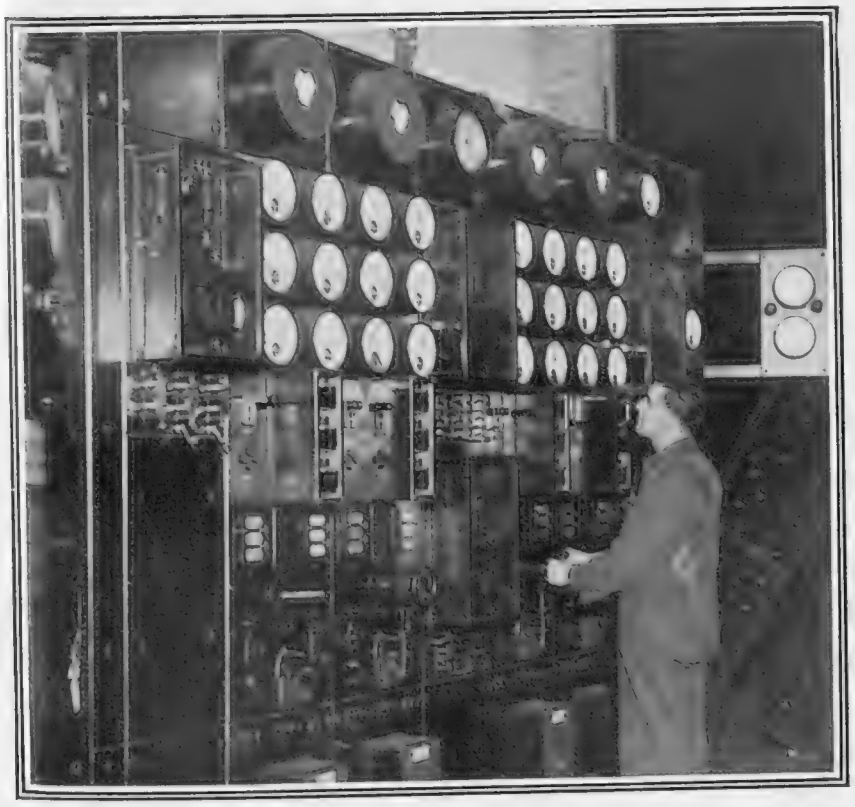
The Latest Pictures from the U.S.A.

THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD: A wonderful view of New York is obtained from the summit of the Empire State Building (on the corner of 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, where the old Waldorf Astoria used to stand). On the left is the shining tower of the Chrysler Building. The Empire towers 1,248 ft. above the street, the Eiffel Tower only 984 ft.



CENTRAL HEATING BY METER: The plant installed by the New York Steam Corporation whereby great office buildings are supplied with the heat they require at the turn of a switch, not from their own furnaces but on the same lines as they get telephone service, electricity, and gas

THE LAST HINDRANCE GONE: Radio City will soon be *un fait accompli* in New York, for a recalcitrant shopkeeper has at long last signed away his unexpired lease. *Inset above*—LIBERTY AND POLAND: Polish cadets visiting New York wave from the torch of the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island. They are members of the Polish Merchant Marine Training ship anchored in the River Hudson



CENTRAL HEATING BY METER: This picture shows the main meter panel. The operator can tell how much steam is distributed through the section of the city maintained by the plant. The picture above shows the operator at the control board

PRIVATE POLICE: Members of the force maintained by the Empire State Building. This is the tallest edifice in the world—exceeding the Woolworth, the Eiffel Tower, and the Chrysler buildings—and is crowned with a large mooring mast

The CITY of WAKING SPIRES

New York, the Twin Modern Babylon, Sends its Towers Soaring ever Higher into the Empyrean, Dwarfing the Natural Heights of the Jersey Shore Seen in the Foreground

There are two great phalanxes of skyscrapers in New York to-day, the second of which has risen within the last few years. The oldest and greatest of these groups is the so-called "Down Town" section, the business district running from the Battery on the very tip of Manhattan Island, seen on the right, about a mile-and-a-half leftward. Herein are the Municipal Building, the Equitable Building, the Singer Building, the great banks, notably the Bank of Manhattan, a new "stepped" or set-back edifice on the farther or east shore (a prototype of the most modern skyscraper), and the springing white column of the Woolworth. This block is fringed on the west side with the great docks. Proceeding north (i.e. leftward) comes the great industrial area, until the city burgeons forth anew in the "masonry hollyhocks"—as one wit with a taste for horticulture characterized skyscrapers—of Uptown. These include the *démodé* Times Building on 42nd Street, the Metropolitan on 23rd Street, the Chrysler on 42nd Street, and the Empire State on 34th. The great bridges, Manhattan, Williamsburg, and Brooklyn, span the East River down town to Brooklyn, the great suburb on Long Island. The foreground shows the New Jersey shore, Jersey City facing the Down Town section, Hoboken fronting the industrial section, and Weehawken the Uptown skyscraper area. South lie the islands—Coney, the pleasure centre; Staten, a residential area; Governor's Island, a military H.Q.; Ellis Island, the famed Gateway to Paradise; and Bedloe's, where stands the Statue of Liberty.

CHILDREN IN NAIROBI watch Father Christmas come by aeroplane, drop behind a house, and reappear with a sackful of presents—one of the many delights organized for the young in Kenya Colony

YOUTH IN KENYA: Shorts and khaki shirts replace the Etons or "tails" of the English public schools as the uniform of youth—but the education is of a standard to satisfy old public schoolmen for their sons

THE SONS *of* EMPIRE

What Chances have They in Britain's Youngest Colony?

"If I go to settle in Kenya can my children live there and be educated there? Will they have a chance there of building up physically and mentally to take my place and to carry on when I am gone?"

This question is often asked by intending settlers. Look at the picture above of the younger children. It is Christmas Day at Nairobi, and the great attraction of the party is a private aeroplane flying low overhead; it passes towards the house dropping a dummy Father Christmas which falls behind the house; a minute or two elapses and a live representation of childhood's most welcome guest appears with his sack full of presents. Look at the children's faces as they gaze at the aeroplane and its precious cargo; look at their sturdy limbs, and then study the boys of one house at the new Kabete Secondary School, and the first part of the question is surely answered.

As for the second question: the actual "schooling." The policy of the Government, as defined in the 1929 Report, has been "to provide schools of which any country might be proud in the larger centres of population, and to enable children living at a distance from these centres to make use of these facilities by means of admirably-equipped boarding-houses." So (quite apart from some excellent private schools) there have arisen first-class Government schools at Nairobi, Mombasa, Nakuru, Eldoret, and elsewhere, with admirable buildings and first-class teaching; and now this one central secondary school at Kabete, which accommodates 180 pupils divided into houses. Here there are four main faculties: science, with especial reference to agriculture, engineering and building construction, commerce and economics, and lastly, language and literature.

Every boy receives a cultural education with a special bias in the direction of his subsequent career. This school has been placed at Kabete partly because it was rightly felt that for pupils who will, on maturity, mostly live in the countryside and not in towns, such a site is appropriate, and partly because of the value accruing from the proximity of the Research Laboratory (agricultural and veterinary) which is located there. The Jeanes School, for the training of native teachers for native schools, is likewise situated at Kabete for the same reason.

Co-education for European children is the rule in the elementary schools or classes, largely owing to the necessity for economy, and the conditions at Kabete may be chosen as an example. The Boys' Secondary School provides education for boys from twelve to eighteen years; no boy being allowed to remain in the Elementary School after the age of twelve years. The school contains a Secondary Department for girls, with a mixed junior school for boys and girls up to twelve. At Nakuru, Eldoret, and Kitale children remain until passing the Junior Cambridge Examination at fourteen but no longer. Domestic science for girls has been introduced in the schools, and stress is laid on nature study and elementary science.

The average roll of the private schools varies from twelve to 109, and the fees for boarders are round about £120—£130 per annum. One of these, at Limuru, is an excellent secondary school for girls with splendid and well-equipped buildings. The others are mostly primary and are deservedly popular.

To summarize the position, for a young colony the educational facilities are remarkably good; and while the best features of English preparatory and public schools have been adopted, a real effort is being made, as it is in the sister colonies of the two Rhodesias, to fit the growing generation for life in the colony; that is to say to enable them not only to live there successfully but also to fulfil the important rôle that will inevitably fall to them in shaping the destiny of this part of the Empire. In few places has there been a more definite realization of the importance of the responsibility devolving upon the teachers.

Courses of instruction leading to Overseas schools and universities are, of course, also provided; but, while university education must necessarily for some time be beyond the power of the Colony to provide, it is anticipated that up to that point young Kenyans will in ever increasing numbers be educated, and well educated too, within the Colony that is their home. It is surely better that this should be so for, were the absence too long, the young adults would return as strangers to the land of their birth and the process of colonization would start afresh with each generation; but if the absence is only for the few years of a university course, qualifying at a hospital, reading for the Bar, and so on, it forms an immaterial break in the continuity of the young Kenyan's life, insufficient to denationalize him or destroy his initial advantage as a settler in the land where he was born and where he spent his early childhood.

A KENYA SCHOOL: An institution such as this may not have the architectural and historical fascination of Eton or Harrow—but the equipment, scholastic and athletic, is excellent and the curriculum admirable

ALIEN INVADERS: A Romany chal and his son, two of the many gipsies who go annually to the Kentish hop-fields. Picking was put forward four days and is now in full swing. Many familiar faces are to be seen, for some hop-pickers return every year for over half-a-century

EN FAMILLE: A grandmother, a father and mother, three children, and a dog — all Romanys — glimpsed during their three weeks' hop-picking holiday at Penshurst. Some 35,000 to 40,000 pickers make the journey by train alone, and thousands — most of the gipsies among them — go by road. The champion picker hopes to get forty baskets in a sitting, his last year's record being thirty-nine. Most of the hops are "coming down well"

A GIPSY PAPOOSE: A typical Romany wearing the carpet "sling" in which the baby is carried, and the so-called Italian cap

Special studies by Dr. Habberton Lulham

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS": Harmony forms much of the afterwork pleasure of the pickers, especially among the gipsies, and some are excellent performers

"KENT and CHRISTENDOM"

A Page for Borrovians

The annual hop-gathering season has been in full swing during the past ten days among the hop gardens of Kent. Every year there is a great rush of helpers, who in many cases regard it as an annual holiday. The hoppers stream out of the East End by rail and road. They present an astonishing sight on the Farningham-Maidstone highway, where not a few temporary breakdowns occur owing to the heavy loading of carts, cars, and lorries with their human freight. Hop-pickers, however, are by no means drawn from one class, all kinds of people from the local districts around Wateringbury and Maidstone, for instance, taking part in the work of gathering the hop harvest. This year arrangements were made to organize the rush from the East End, and special cards were issued to hoppers by the railway companies enabling them to travel by certain trains. A similar card system was to apply to the roads.

FACETS *of the* FARADAY *Centenary*

The Beginnings of Telegraphy and Telephony

By DR. D. M. TURNER

The Centenary of Faraday's discovery of electro-magnetic induction will be celebrated in London on September 21–22. This discovery was the starting point for the production of electricity on a large scale. It rendered possible the effective development of telegraphy and telephony, and indeed lies behind all the manifold applications of electricity of our present civilization

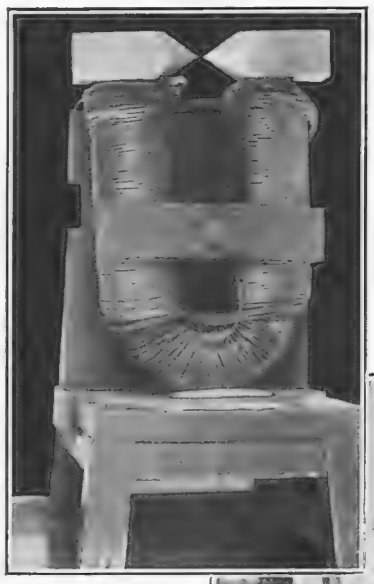
THE FATHER OF ELECTRICITY: Michael Faraday, from a portrait by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., 1830, in the possession of the Royal Institution, London

Faraday's work takes our thoughts back to the early days of electricity. Faraday was born in 1791. At that time the existence of what we now know as an electric current was unrecognized. It was not until 1800 that an Italian, Volta, discovered a means of obtaining a continuous current by means of his *voltaic pile*. Volta's discovery was the first important step in the history of telegraphy. The next step was due to the Danish physicist, Oersted, who in 1820 found that when a wire carrying current is held lengthways over a horizontally pivoted magnetic needle, the needle is jerked to one side. This was the first demonstration of a connection between electricity and magnetism.

Oersted's experiments were extended by the French physicist, Ampère, who devised a simple apparatus by which the effect of a current on a magnetic needle was used for signalling at a distance. He needed twenty-six wires, each with a magnetic needle at the receiving end, which became jerked when a current passed through the wire above. In this way the words of a message could be spelt out. Ampère's apparatus was thus the first telegraph depending on electro-magnetic action. Needless to say it was little more than a scientific toy. Further developments had to wait until means were available for rapidly making and breaking a circuit and receiving the signals.

The next step was taken by Sturgeon of London who in 1825 made the first electro-magnet. This was a coil of wire wound round a core of soft iron. When a current was passed through the coil, the iron core became strongly magnetized and consequently capable of attracting other pieces of iron. The electro-magnet was destined to become the essential part of the receiving apparatus of nearly all telegraph systems.

Faraday soon heard of the results of Oersted. Like everyone else, he was eager to know more of this amazing relationship between electricity and magnetism. Since action and reaction are equal, he thought that if there is a magnetic force acting circularly round a current which makes a magnet turn, so it ought to be possible to make a wire carrying current rotate round a magnet. He demonstrated this in 1821.



FROM A FEW YARDS—: Faraday's great magnet, a relic of the father of electricity, used during his lectures at the Royal Institution

Again, he thought that if a current can thus produce magnetic force, so magnetic forces ought to produce an electric current. This idea guided him to his great discovery of 1831, when he found that a momentary current is produced in a wire whenever it is moved in the neighbourhood of a magnet, or as we say simply in a *magnetic field*. Faraday described his conductor as cutting the *lines* of *magnetic force* of the field, and the current is said to be produced by *electro-magnetic induction*. Faraday also noticed a momentary induced current when a magnet is thrust into a cylindrical coil of wire and again when it is pulled out. No effect, however, was detected when the magnet was kept still. The important point, therefore, seemed to be the movement. He also noticed that a current was *induced* in one circuit whenever the current in a neighbouring circuit was made or broken. These results are all included in the single statement that induced currents are produced whenever there is a relative change in the magnetic conditions.

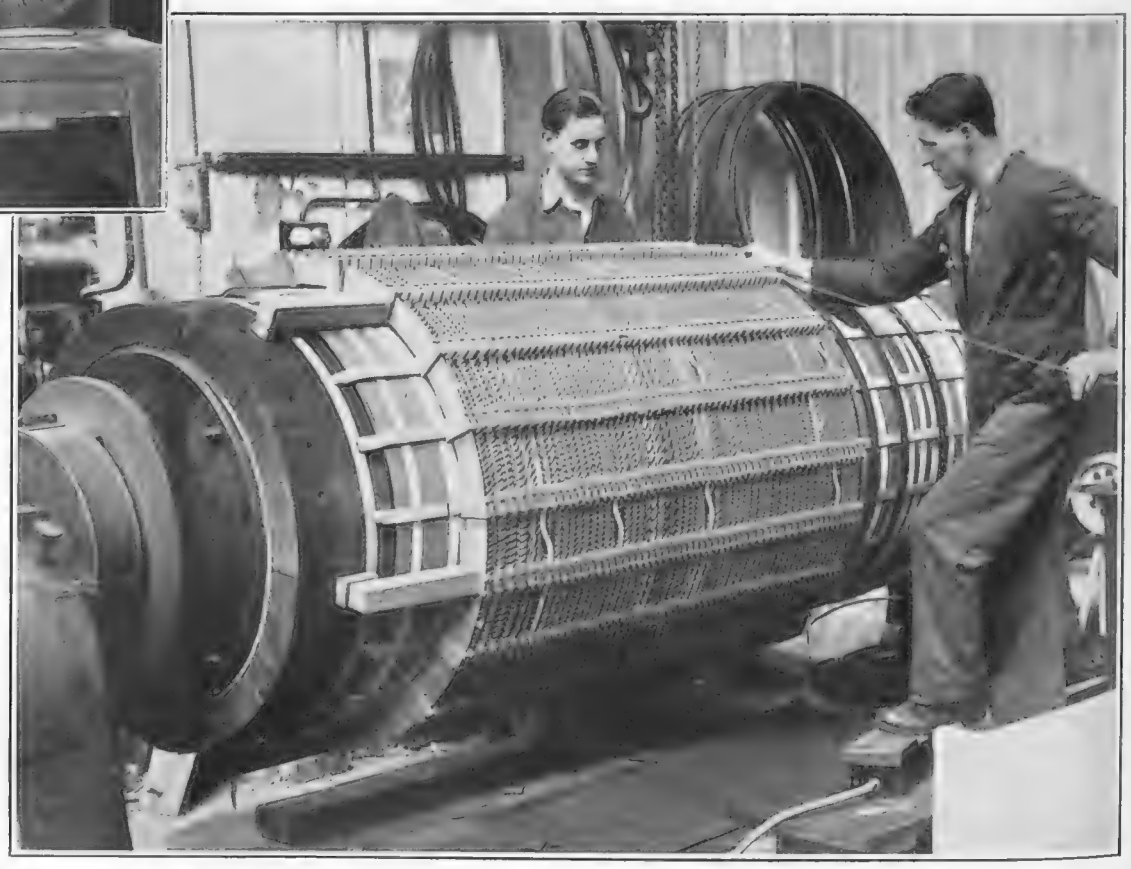
Faraday's discovery of electro-magnetic induction provided the next step necessary for the improvement of telegraphy. The rush of electricity produced by the sudden movement of a magnet within a coil passes almost instantaneously along a wire. Thus signals of long or short duration could be sent and detected by means of their electro-magnetic effects. Faraday's discovery was so utilized in 1833 by two German physicists, Gauss and Weber. A few years later, the American, Morse, adopted the electro-magnetic effect for the first recording telegraph. Morse, known all over the world as the originator of the dot-and-dash code, also invented a simple device known as a *Relay*. By this means a weak current excites an electro-magnet which opens or closes a circuit from an independent battery. Thus a series of relays enables signals to be sent over many hundreds of miles of cable.

The telephone is another example of the application of Faraday's discoveries. In its simplest form, as patented by Bell in 1876, it consists of a horse-shoe magnet with coils of wire round its poles. Just within the mouthpiece is a very thin flexible iron diaphragm, so arranged that it is a short distance away from the poles of the magnet.

The vast development of wireless telegraphy and telephony is the joint work of many minds. The roots, however, lie far back in the work of Faraday who inspired Clerk Maxwell. Maxwell's first contributions to electrical theory amounted to a translation of Faraday's ideas into mathematical language. Faraday had always tried to visualize what went on in the medium surrounding a magnet or wire. By his conception of *lines of force* he interpreted electrical and magnetic effects in terms of stresses in this medium. Maxwell possessed a power of visualizing like to that of Faraday, but in addition he was a trained mathematical genius. He adopted Faraday's conception of lines of force, and by purely theoretical investigations deduced that a periodic electrical disturbance which, in its turn, gives rise to a periodic magnetic disturbance, should travel with a wave motion, the velocity of which should be the same as that of light. Ten years after Maxwell's death such waves were actually detected, their velocity calculated, and the results of experiment found to agree with theoretic *predictions*.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING: Electrical discharges breaking bounds from an insulator subjected to a test of half-a-million volts. The filmy discharges show periodicity wave formation

This triumphant verification of Maxwell's prediction marks the beginning of wireless. We must remember, however, that practical applications are not the sole justification for the labours of the man of science. The foundations were laid by men who laboured for knowledge alone.

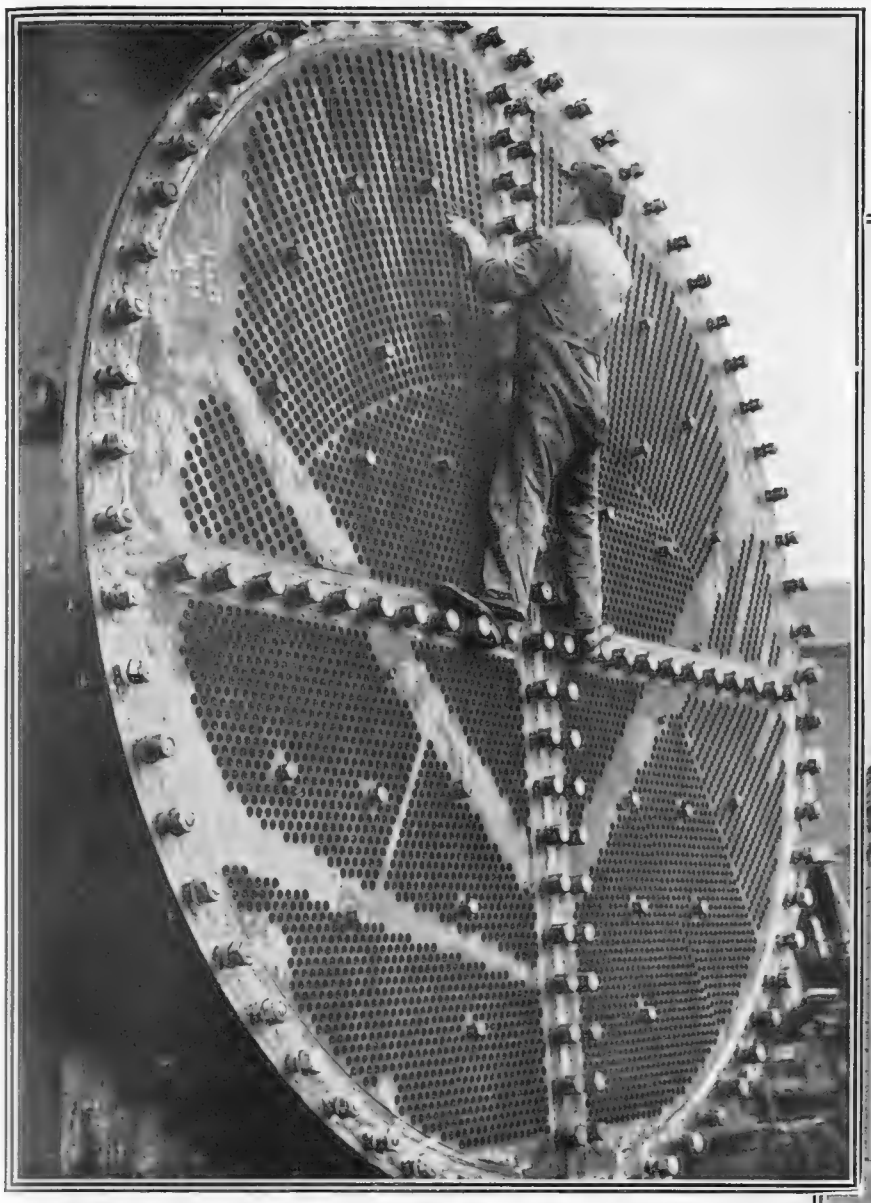


—TO MILES OF WIRE: Winding wire on to a coil for a large 132,000-volt transformer, manufactured by the British Thomson-Houston Company at Rugby. Immensely more wire is needed in this coil than in that seen above in Faraday's original magnet

ELECTRICITY TO-DAY

Out of the Little into the Big

The Stern Beauty of Applied Electro-Mechanics



AN ELECTRICAL GIANT: One of the largest condensers ever built in Britain for installation in the Battersea Power Station

By the courtesy of "The Architects' Journal"

BEAUTY IN MODERN ELECTRICAL STRUCTURE: An attractive though temporary transformer station designed by Henri Sauvage to tap one of the main high-tension sector cables of Paris—a design that might well serve as a model for the transformers used under the great rural electrification scheme at home. Timber, brick, cement, glazed earthenware, and copper wire are cleverly combined to produce a cheap and not unsightly *ensemble*. The fashion in which the protruding and arched central bracket with its modelled silver head knits together the composition and is webbed to the grouped pairs of mustard-pots of the twin timber pylons, is very skilful. The notice is by no means an exaggeration. *Inset above on right* is another attractive modernistic effort. It shows the façade of a giant transformer tank shop and is fitted with a mono-rail and car for window washing. These pictures, compared to the horseshoe magnet seen on the facing page, show how far, æsthetically as practically, electricity has developed in a century

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"FOR THE 'LATE NIGHT FINAL'": Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who is replacing Mr. Raymond Massey in the semi-sympathetic part of Randall, the editor, in the exposé of Yellow Journalism, "Late Night Final," at the Phoenix. Mr. Massey is going to New York to play Hamlet

"The Young Idea."

It is some time since the revival of a successful author's early piece has had such attention focussed on it as *The Young Idea*. Noel Coward must regard this as the penalty for his later triumphs and will probably do so with equanimity. For this unpretentious little play survives the test very fairly well and should fill the St. Martin's Theatre for some time to come. It is at any rate good entertainment, and considering that the author was, I believe, in his teens when he wrote it, the sense of the theatre and the technique of construction it displays verge on the uncanny. He has written better plays since—and worse.

The hall-mark of its extreme youth is the almost complete heartlessness and the wealth of what the Noelites in those rather far-off days of 1923 used to call "Noelisms." Noel wears better than "Noelisms," which are not really witty but can win a laugh when Noel himself utters them. The young man who takes his old part at the St. Martin's is a promising actor with a pleasant personality. But in spite of the fact that in his voice and manner he is by no means unlike Mr. Coward, the laughs that used to come either, in most cases, stuck halfway or were altogether wanting.

The two *enfants terribles* who descend on a fox-hunting household and rescue their father from a peevish second wife would have made the play more real, though possibly less amusing, had they not been caricatures of precociousness. Bernard Shaw drew a similar couple, but made them a trifle less fiendish. I am sure Noel Coward, with the sentimentalism of *Bitter Sweet* still upon him, would realize, had he been writing *The Young Idea* to-day, that his slap at the fox-hunting crowd (why must the fox-hunting crowd always be slapped?) would be far more telling had its attackers been even faintly human. As it is, dull though these men in pink and women in riding habits who come in for tea and whisky-and-soda, covered with mud and hunting slang, undoubtedly are, they win one's sympathy at once. What, by the way, would some of our dramatists do without Leicestershire? Perhaps one day Leicestershire will produce a dramatist to portray, with masterly irony, the massed intelligence of Melton Mowbray making Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. A. P. Herbert look foolish.

One of the best performances at the St. Martin's comes from Mr. Cecil Parker, who, startlingly reminiscent at times in both manner and appearance of the late Leslie Faber, plays the father with precisely the right note. Miss Iris Hoey, who, unfortunately, does not appear until the last act, was whimsical and amusing in her inimitable fashion; while as the second wife Miss Jane Millican, though elegant and graceful, seemed so infernally bad-tempered that it was a marvel that she could have been even tolerated by a couple of tall and elegant hunting men, one with a sense of humour. Miss Anne Trevor played her old part of the female tormentor, and Mr. A. Whatmore contributed a clever little character study. The scenery was hideous.

Sasha

A RUSSIAN DANCER PLAYS A RUSSIAN DANCER: Mlle Elena Miramova, who plays Grusinskaya in Grand Hotel, *the dramatic version of Vicky Baum's best-seller, at the Adelphi. Mlle Miramova, who is herself a* ballerina, *created the part with great success in the U.S.A.*

"The Nelson Touch."

The Embassy Theatre, yet again providing London with an uncommonly good play, displays in *The Nelson Touch*, by Mr. Neil Grant, an atmosphere of high diplomacy. It has nothing directly to do with Nelson. The reason for the title is, I imagine, the fact that Nelson did not worry about the means so long as he managed to bring about what he set out to do. In his day he could only put a telescope to his blind eye. In 1931 he would certainly put a telephone to a very alert ear in order to impersonate somebody else had it suited him.

Mr. Grant wrote *Petticoat Influence*, but there is hardly anything of the petticoat touch in *The Nelson Touch*. There is trouble among certain Arab tribes who are turning nasty. That is the way at least a couple of dozen plays of my acquaintance have started, to the accompaniment of anxious looks on the faces of tanned and handsome British officers, ominous throbbing of native drums in the distance, and murmurs of "Thank God, the women are safe!" Those are invariably very bad plays, and *The Nelson Touch* fortunately deals with native troubles higher up—as high, indeed, as the Cabinet itself.

The Secretary of State, Lord Duncaster, is a bit of an ass in a bit of a fix. He does not know how to face certain Arab delegates; if it is peace, England is dishonoured, and if it is war there will be the deuce of a muddle. Lord Duncaster will get it in the neck either way. He is saved by a ne'er-do-well brother, who happens to know exactly how to parley with Arabs, and manages to fix up a solution that is not only satisfactory to all parties, but brings honour and the Order of the Garter to Lord Duncaster. The brother gets the girl he loves and a sum of money which relieves him of the necessity of ever again being an adventurer.

This is not farce though it deals with an impossible situation. For even Arabs, particularly if they are plenipotentiaries, see illustrated papers nowadays, and the prolonged impersonation of a Cabinet Minister could never have been pulled off successfully even by the wildest and cleverest adventurers. Apart from this the play rings true enough, and it is full of amusing lines and ingenious situations. For the individualist and the imperialist it possesses added delights. And I have seldom seen a play with a Prime Minister, and other exalted political personages in it, carry so convincing an air of verisimilitude.

Mr. Charles Carson was a trifle too explosive as the pompous Lord Duncaster; he needed more of the General Burgoyne suavity. The man who did the impersonation was given easy good humour by Mr. Anthony Ireland, and a good sketch of an Arab chief was contributed by Mr. Lewin Mannering, who a fortnight ago was a Red Indian chief, also in North London, with equal aplomb.

"The Cradle Song."

We are about to see at the Haymarket a new play by the Spanish dramatist, Señor Martinez Sierra, about whom Mr. Granville Barker is something of an enthusiast. Meanwhile, Señor Sierra's *Cradle Song*, originally seen at, I think, the Strand Theatre, with Mr. S. J. Warmington in the important part of the doctor, is the second attempt of the season at the Everyman. It is a thing of rare and tender beauty. It has sentiment without sentimentality, and for once in a way we have a play about nuns in love which offends nobody's taste, and is neither improper nor flowing over with maudlin sanctimoniousness.

Under-rehearsed though it was, *Cradle Song* gave on the night I saw it, the impression of being acted with a sincerity almost on a level with the ethereal note that runs through this story of a foundling girl who had been brought up in a Dominican convent. Miss Zillah Malcolm, who played the girl Teresa, may be excused for her slight uncertainty, for she had, I gathered, taken over the part at only a very few hours' notice. Even so it was a performance of interest. Mr. Hubert Harben was excellent as the doctor.

"Grand Hotel."

Grand Hotel was, *mirabile dictu*, produced last Thursday, the whirligig of time having put even the whirligig stage of the Adelphi Theatre into motion at last. This revolving stage is more elaborate than the revolving stage the Adelphi had for *Ever Green*, and I am looking forward to the super-revolving stage which will appear in the next Adelphi production.

Immensely ingenious as is the cinema method of *Grand Hotel*, helped by every available mechanical device, and with the picture of Baron von Gaigern climbing, in Harold Lloyd fashion, up the flat face of a building to add yet another touch of the films, I was only reminded the more of the fact that this really impeded the action instead of helping it along. To Mr. Raymond Massey, the producer, go my heartiest congratulations on having made the best not of a bad job but of a job that is radically wrong. The intervals between the innumerable scenes were commendably short; but they *were* intervals, there were far too many of them, and they cut up *Grand Hotel* into a series of little peep-shows which moved only too slowly. The thing was interesting, but it never carried one along with it.

To those who have not read *Grand Hotel*, the Adelphi production (though Mr. Knoblock, like Mr. Massey, has done all that a human brain could do with it) must have had little meaning as a story. That is not to say that they were necessarily bored with it. They must look for entertainment not in the telling of a yarn, but in catching sight of some interesting people. The acting is on a high level, and the fact that most characters in the novel are reproduced to one's entire satisfaction testifies to this.

I would not wish for a better performance of the little clerk with a few weeks to live than that of Mr. Ivor Barnard, and the same applies to Mr. Ernest Milton as the Doctor, to Mr. Lyn Harding as Preysing, and, with qualifications, to Mr. Hugh Williams as the Baron. Miss Ursula Jeans did not fulfil my idea of Flämmschen; but then, my idea of Flämmschen may be wrong, and Miss Jeans was, as always, charming.

The part of the effeminate youth should be deleted; *Grand Hotel* has to be episodic, but it need not also be epicene.

A NOTABLE DOG ACTOR: Susan the Sealyham, with Miss Celia Clement and Mr. John Boxer, in the Coward revival, The Young Idea, *at the St. Martin's*

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"The Young Idea" Revived: "Black Magic": "Those Naughty 'Nineties": "Counsel's Opinion": and a *début*

IN THE NOEL COWARD REVIVAL: Mr. Cecil Parker, who gave so notable a performance in *Wonder Bar*, and Miss Iris Hoey in *The Young Idea*, a play whose successful revival at the St. Martin's is carried mainly by the acting and the author's reputation

JEANNETTE MACDONALD: The English-born co-star with Chevalier in *The Love Parade* will make her London *début* this month at the Dominion

FIN DE SIÈCLE: Miss Joan Maude and Miss Pamela Willins in *Those Naughty 'Nineties* at the Criterion—a comedy relying to no inconsiderable extent upon the costumes for its amusement.

"YOU SHALL NOT GO": Giles Chalfont (Mr. Franklin Dyall) tries to prevent by hypnosis his wife (Miss Kathleen O'Regan) from leaving him, while Mr. Michael Hogan and Miss Athene Seyler look on—a scene from *Black Magic* at the Royalty. *Inset above* are Miss Jane Millican, Mr. Cecil Ramage, Mr. Arthur Macrae, Miss Ann Trevor, Mr. Cecil Parker, and Miss Celia Clement in *The Young Idea*, revived at the St. Martin's

IN THE TEMPEST TRADITION: Miss Isabel Jeans in the Norman Hartnell gown she wears in the last act of *Counsel's Opinion* at the Strand Theatre. In this play Miss Jeans embodies with great success the classical tricks of femininity which reached their greatest exponent in that evergreen comedienne, Miss Marie Tempest

THE ENGLISH NOVEL

Mr. Hugh Walpole's Saga and other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Amid the many causes for depression these days, when Fate has, what Sheridan called, "a dam disinheriting countenance," I found one cheerful fellow with a reason for his cheerfulness based on something more substantial than the optimism that with many is nothing but obstinacy. Preparing to lament with my publisher, I was surprised to find him full of cheer and talk of good business. They had had one of their best years, they had nothing to complain of, and the good British public were buying books! Surprising and comforting news indeed, when shrinking sales, dividends, and royalties are the order of the day. True, Australia, one of the best book-buying colonies, has practically gone out of the market. I have true reason to lament this since, for some cause quite unknown to myself, Australia has always been extremely hospitable to my output. The adverse exchange and the need of reduced imports have played havoc with the English publishers' business in Australia. Nevertheless, the publishers are cheerful. The shortage of money is keeping people at home, and people at home read books.

It is not likely, therefore, business being good, that we shall witness any diminution of the publishers' output this autumn. We shall have again too many books, with a terribly high birth-rate, and an almost equally high death-rate. The "first novelists" will rush gallantly forward in an attempt to capture the old stagers' outposts. They will be rapturously acclaimed and told that their next book will be eagerly looked for—to discover that when their next books come along they are completely ignored and the critics are loudly acclaiming the newly-born. The old stagers somehow live on without this hysterical "first novel" fever to heighten their circulations. They stay on because they have learned their jobs and know how to tell a story.

A notable member has just fallen from their ranks by the death of Sir Hall Caine. It has been interesting to read the obituary notices of this most popular novelist of the last generation. Scarcely a writer of these, while paying tribute to his power, has been able to refrain from giving the late novelist what the Americans forcibly term "a kick in the pants." His books sold by the million and, therefore, there must be something wrong with them. True, he was a master of the dramatic plot and he knew how to write a story, but alas he was a superb salesman and he made large sums of money! Already the same complaint is being made against Walpole and others. It would seem necessary to-day, in order to sustain any reputation among the pundits, that one should be a genius with the pen but a fool with a ledger. It is a modern fashion. No one troubles to charge Scott and Dickens with inability to write because they made themselves comparatively rich men with their pens.

There was surely no trick or secret in Sir Hall Caine's success. He believed passionately in his own inspiration and wrote with a fierce sincerity. Having written his book, he put as much labour into the selling of it. There may have been something pathetic or comic in the seriousness with which he regarded his own work but he shared with another lion of the day, Marie Corelli, an unshakable belief in his own mission as a novelist. Firm belief in anything is so rare to-day that the public can never resist it. That surely was the secret of Caine's success.

Really, if novelists continue to go on to such great lengths it will be necessary to form a society for the protection of reviewers. Here comes Mr. Hugh Walpole with a second instalment of the Herries saga, *Judith Paris* (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.). When I saw the size of it, 757 pages, I vowed that I would not read it at all, and be quite honest about it, too. Although it was sent out only a few days before the release date for the reviews, I have been astonished to note the number and length of the reviews that promptly appeared. But I wonder whether Mr. Walpole has noticed what I have noticed about most of these too prompt reviews; that, examined, they give little concrete evidence of a thorough reading of the book? Mr. Walpole has arrived at that stage of established eminence when his competence is taken for granted, as well as his length, and among the reviewers he is given a free pass to immortality without examination. It may be flattering but it cannot be comforting to a sincere artist. For myself, confronted with this huge book which could not possibly be digested in time for prompt notice with all the other quick starters (and non-finishers?), I decided to ask to be excused, and merely to express the pious hope that Mr. Walpole had maintained his standard. Just to assure myself I glanced at the first few pages, and then began to read, and—

That is the worst of Mr. Walpole. He buttonholes you and you never get away. Without the slightest intention I read the whole of *Judith Paris* from cover to cover. I put it down a stunned man, stunned by Mr. Walpole's incredible knowledge, his ability to manipulate with such dexterity a crowded canvas on which the whole history of the age is adequately portrayed. Judith is the daughter of Rogue Herries. The scene opens at her birth, in a dark house in Lakeland, somewhere around 1774, and closes 1821, with Judith in the midway of her passionate history. A dark, stormy story, this, in which Mr. Walpole has incorporated something of the grandeur of the Lakeland scenery. At the opening we are in a house of birth and death with a child crying in the night and upstairs the two dead parents. The treatment of this history of Judith, half-gipsy, with the proud blood of the Herries entangling her in that brood of forceful men and women, marks a new stage of development in the novelist's equipment. Here is a Walpole no longer smooth and amiable. The figure of Judith stands in the line of succession to the great heroines of English fiction. Indeed, I recall no figure in English fiction so potent in the memory after the book is laid aside, unless it be Hardy's Tess. And how magnificent, if bewildering, is the sweep of the narrative, with its rich succession of scenes and events, its tense drama, its sure touch along the whole gamut of human hope and despair. Sometimes Mr. Walpole may have been guilty of too carefully wrought a backcloth to this thronged stage, but one can forgive him yielding to temptation and using figures that point the temper of the age, for taking Judith to tea with the Southeys, for the meeting with Scott, Blücher, and Wellington, a threading of the great characters of the age into the personal history of Judith. But the backcloth never obtrudes itself upon the spectator, and Mr. Walpole's treatment of history is equally in proportion. Here is England, in the age of the powerful squires, the rise of the industrial classes, an England hushed with the threat of Napoleon, jubilant after Waterloo, apprehensive of the effects of the French Revolution. Sometimes in search of his effects Mr. Walpole narrows his view to a spotlight scene. There is nothing in his book more poignant and powerful than the public hanging of a butcher boy, a scene that makes our so-called civilization of only yesterday's birth. As memorable, Æschylean in its inexorable drama, is the implacable pursuit of Georges Paris by old Stane, who murders his son's murderer by throwing him down the stairs after a confession forced by sheer terror. The antagonism of Judith and Jennifer reveals Mr. Walpole at his finest in character and analysis. It is indeed difficult which to admire more, the picture of this England at the close of the eighteenth century, with its hearty and lustful pleasures, or the vivid glowing press of characters so vital in their brief passage, whether they be Wordsworth, the young John Peel, the withered Talleyrand, or the storm-dark, fate-dowered figure of Judith.

Thus far in her history blood and tears fill her days. In the hysterical Paris following Waterloo she gives birth to a son in the very hour of the father's death. Even he is to be the means of battle, and we part with Judith vowing her young Adam to a new crusade. It would seem the drama is only beginning. This is the second volume of Mr. Walpole's saga. A third volume will follow in the autumn of next year, but even now, on the achievement of this second volume, it seems possible to assess the magnitude of the novelist's effort and the success he has won. It challenges comparison with Galsworthy's Forsytes, if not in the manner certainly in the range of its story, and it seems to me that this isan even finer, fuller performance. The serious defect of the *Forsyte Saga* has always been, for me, that it had no historical sense, it conveys nothing of the political turmoil, nothing of the *Sturm und Drang* that raged in those formative years of English history. All the Forsytes were too removed from the soil, too quiet in their cunning, too cold in their natures to be truly English, masterly as they were. Mr. Walpole's story has its roots deep in English soil, it embraces the life of the times in its multitudinous aspects, it is never studied in its effects but sweeps onward in the grand flood of supreme story-telling. The great tradition of the English novel is nobly sustained in *Judith Paris*.

The range of Mr. Frederic Whyte's memories stops short in 1914. It happens, therefore, that *A Batchelor's London* (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.) for the most part presents figures quite unknown who, memorable doubtless in their day, have left nothing less elusive than personal charm. A sadness invests this book as a result. How vain our effort, how transitory our day, how insignificant our hour of fame! There are names here that cannot awake a faint echo, and only loyalty to old friendships can have kept them alive in Mr. Whyte's memory. But even so there are figures in his long gallery vividly presented, and the 'eighties and the 'nineties provide rich material. Mr. Whyte entered the house of Cassell, the publishers, at the age of twenty-two. Even then he had a past, as Reuter's correspondent in Constantinople. At Cassell's he encountered the flood of aspiring novelists, and passed judgment on their efforts. There were young men seeking to win their spurs, and one, Q, sought a golden spur on the cover of one of his stories, *The Splendid Spur*, and found he could not have it because it cost some eighteen pounds extra in the printer's bill!

Ever fortunate in his friendships, Mr. Whyte was soon meeting the men of promise and of performance. I like most his story of Mrs. Havelock Ellis who, referring to her famous husband, said, "I am Havelock's champagne and he is my tobacco." And if you would know how the poor can live and be happy, there is Mr. Whyte's idyll of life in a four-pound-a-month villa at Settignano above Florence. The saddest chapter in the book is that setting forth the achievements of the amazing Arthur Diosy. He once, we are told, rivalled G.B.S. in the bid for popular favour. He comes alive in these pages. Nowhere else have I ever encountered his name.

In his new novel, *Returned Empty* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), Mr. George Blake has turned satirist. His theme is that of a War hero who feels by no means heroic except when his ire is stirred by the narrow-minded big-wigs of a small Scottish town. The proposal of the municipal politics to erect a War memorial fills young Esslemont with fury, and he begins an attack in the local press. Mr. Blake pours the vials of scorn on the chief figures in this ludicrous battle, but vivid and forceful as his writing is, with a freedom of vocabulary that will surely ban him in sober Scottish libraries, I feel that the theme is too slight for a full-length novel. Even so I can say Amen to this biting tract on War memorials.

S.S. San Pedro, by J. G. Cozzens (Longmans. 6s.), is a very self-conscious piece of stylism with a shipwreck for its subject. It is a pity that the author should have lavished so much good writing on a story with so little dramatic quality. We are told that Captain Glendening is doomed to die, but when he finally goes down with his ship the fulfilment of the prophecy has no effect upon the reader, who has been led into expectation of a *dénouement*. Moreover, the story provokes comparison with Conrad's *Typhoon*, a comparison deadly to any author. If Mr. Cozzens could find a theme worthy of his descriptive power he might produce something really notable.

Everyman's Library marches magnificently on. Six new volumes are to be added this autumn to that wonderful array of 868 of the best books in the world. The new volumes, to be published on September 17, are Flaubert's shoddy classic, *Salammbo*, one of the great stucco pieces of literature; *Rookwood*, a Harrison Ainsworth novel, full worthy of resurrection; the poems of Cowper; an anthology of the minor poets of the seventeenth century; Pascal's Pensées; and a collection of tales from Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, that reveal the author as a master of the short story.

Recommended List:

"Naked Fakir," *by Robert Bernays* **(Gollancz. 10s. 6d. net).**—A collection of despatches, amplified by the correspondent of the "News-Chronicle." They are bright and shrewd, if based on superficial contacts. Mr. Bernays presents a vivid portrait of Gandhi, the subject of this book, and the leading figures in the Indian crisis.

Early Man (Benn. 8s. 6d. net).—A collection of essays on the development of man by six leading scientists. A most readable symposium on evolution.

Going Further, *by Geoffrey Malins* **(Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 18s. net).**—An entertaining narrative of a journey round the world on a motor cycle. Captain Malins has a nose for the singular, an eye for beauty, and an ear for lively gossip in all corners of the earth.

Two Lone Ships, *by Georg Kipp* **(Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net).**—The thrilling escape and exploits of the "Goeben" and the "Breslau" belong to the saga of the sea. Here is the story told by one who was on board the "Goeben" in August, 1914, at the time of her escape.

Marie Louise, *by E. M. Oddie* **(Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 18s. net).**—The life of the adventurous Empress, but with the closing scenes included.

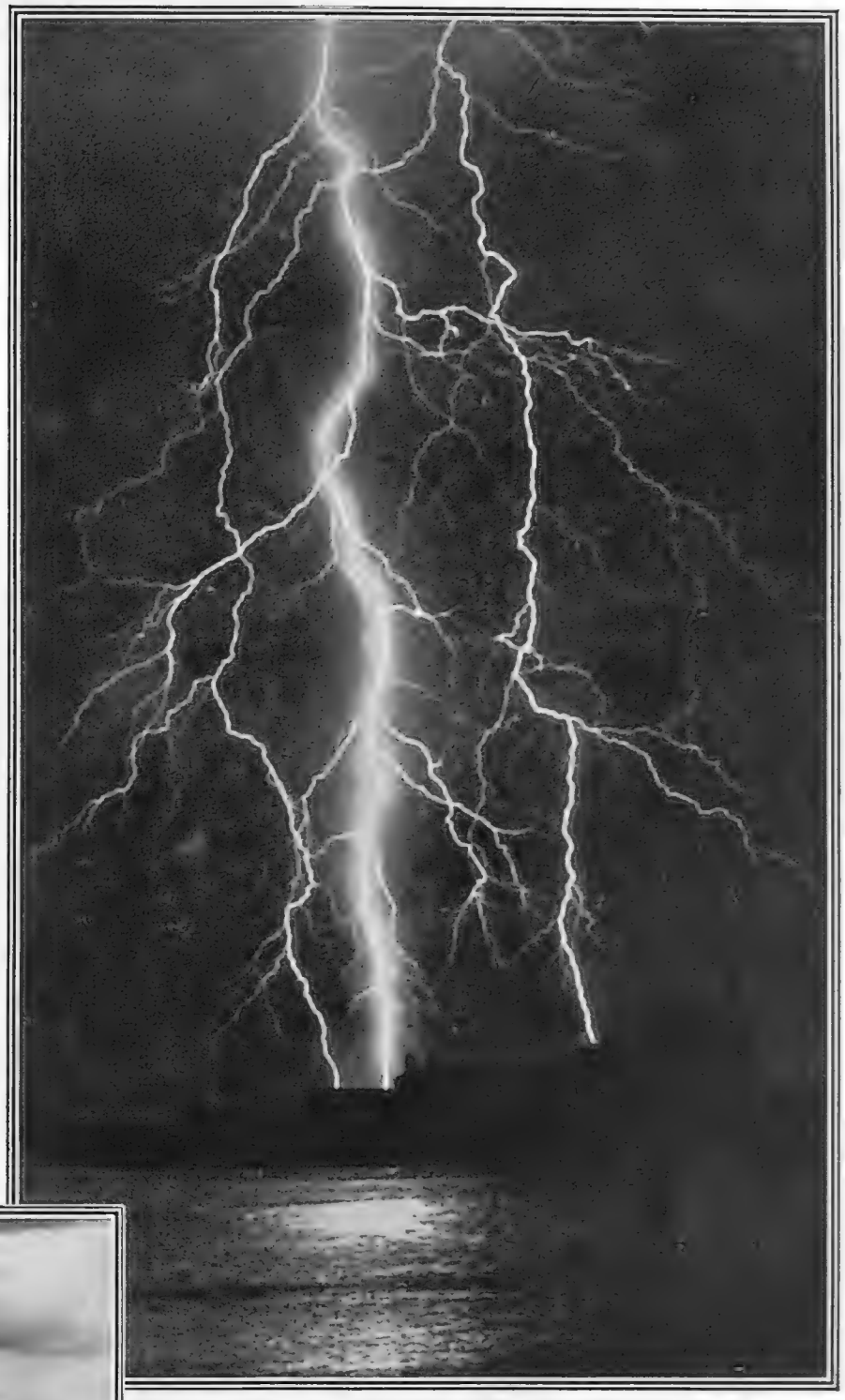
A Book of Dragons, *by Alfred Leete* **(Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. 6s. net).**—The story in pictures of Dennys, the Dragon of the Fiery Breath, in edition-de-Leete, of thirty-five drawings in colour, presenting the gay life of an enchanting dragon who did much to brighten the dull days of chivalry.

Marsh and Mud Flat, *by Major Kenneth Dawson* **(Country Life. 15s.).**—Major Dawson has shot wild geese in Macedonia, and for him there is no mystery in the doings of the duck. Here is a delightful book of reminiscences by a keen shot, and the text is admirably supported by sixteen etchings by Winifred Austen, R.E.

WEATHER PICTURES

From This Watery Isle

PERCHED PRECARIOUS: A holiday-maker in the North of England. He is assailing the needle known as Crag-Lough, Northumberland



LIGHTNING IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: A striking picture during the stupendous electrical storm over Jersey, witnessed by thousands of holiday-makers. The view shows St. Aubin's Bay and Elizabeth Castle

STORMY SEAS AND THREATENING SKIES OVER A SCOTTISH MULL: A vivid scene of the Mull of Kintyre, whose desolate moorland is marked by a lighthouse. Across the water looms the coast of Antrim

AFTER THE STORM: A scene of incredible desolation at Weston-super-Mare, the popular West Coast resort. It is rare for a picture so characteristic of the aftermath of a storm to be recorded

The summer of 1931 has occasioned the spilling of nearly as much ink in complaint as water from the skies! Lightning, rain, cold, dull days, stormy seas, grey skies, and general desolation have been the order of nearly every day

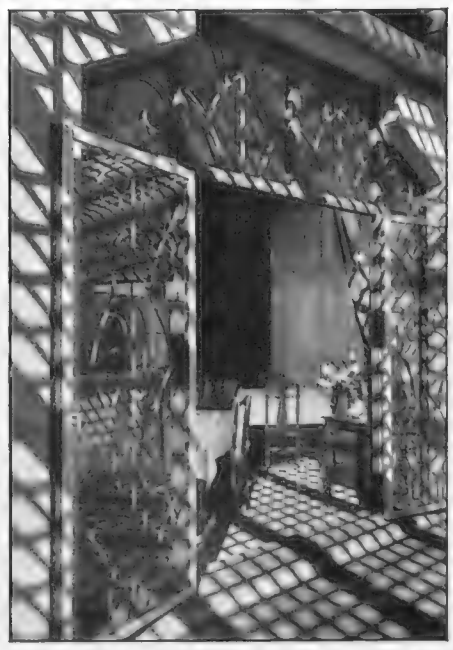
THE WORLD OF WOMEN

AN ECONOMY HOTEL

Four Rooms in One

The problem of how to enjoy the comforts of a home plus the luxuries of a first-class hotel, on a moderate income, has been uniquely solved for some 500 persons who reside (either temporarily or permanently) in San Francisco. The answer is found in that city's newest apartment hotel—the Alexander Hamilton.

Although it is the newest building of its type in that city and unlike any other hotel on either side of the Atlantic in so far as its interior plan is concerned, it has been operating sixteen months—a sufficient length of time to prove the practicality of the plan and to demonstrate the desirability of erecting similar hostelries in all metropolitan cities.



Alice of to-day inspects the modern Wonderland—a playground above the street. *On right* — The sun casts its shadows on the latticed terrace next the dining-room

The unique feature of the building is the one-room unit which incorporates within itself all the facilities of a four-room apartment. Each unit consists of a large and artistically furnished living-room (14 by 17 ft.) with a bedroom alcove which may be shut off from the rest of the room with screens or drapes; a large dressing-room with wardrobe accommodation; tiled bathroom; and an unusually large kitchenette or "kitchen-dinette" (7 by 10 ft.), electrically equipped.

Each section of the unit is completely furnished with all the essentials and many of the luxuries of the most modern and well-kept homes. Electric refrigeration as well as electrical cooking appliances, a large assortment of cooking utensils, and a complete silver and china service for six persons are part of the kitchen-dinette equipment.

The living-rooms and bedroom alcoves are furnished either in modern or period furniture. Comfort has been an important consideration in the choice of furniture—davenports and chairs being of the "homey" sort, yet chosen with excellent taste.

These one-room units are available for from £16 to £35 per month. Complete hotel service is included in each case, the only difference in the apartments being in the matter of location. Every room is an outside room and gets sunlight during some hour of the day. They may also be rented upon a daily basis by transient visitors—provided, of course, that there are vacancies.

Suites are available for those whose budget permits a greater expenditure. One, two, three, five, and seven room apartments totalling 385 rooms divided into 214 units comprise the residential portion of the hotel.

The bedroom alcove—seen from opposite end of living-room

The plan of one room—living-room, bedroom dressing-room, bath and kitchenette

For those who regard a yard or porch and garden as an essential part of a home, there are apartments with private sun patios with fountains and other accoutrements. And atop the fifteenth floor of the twenty-storey building is a huge sun roof, open at all times to all guests. There the children ride their tricycles, jump rope, and give dollies an airing. There adults may bask in the sun, watch the boats on San Francisco Bay, and view the panorama of city life both by night and by day.

The hotel management also operates the dining-room and coffee shop, both of which are patronized by the general public as well as by the hotel guests.

The original features of the interior design must be credited to Albert H. Larsen, the architect, who achieved his object—the designing of a place of residence combining the comforts and convenience of a home with those of an hotel.

Marjorie Fisher

MODERN ORNAMENTS

The ornaments people put in their houses are amusing and interesting things. They depict the character of their owner, and very often of the age in which he lives. The eighteenth century produced delicate graceful figures typical of that intelligent and courteous age. And in the fussy Victorian and Edwardian times all the rooms were full of ornaments on shelves, tables, mantelpieces. Ornaments of all kinds, in silver and brass and porcelain, collected from all countries in quantities, and nearly all of them were hideous. Most of us were brought up surrounded by these knick-knacks, and somehow or other we grew to hate them.

Probably it was the War that made us finally hate ornamentation, for during that period realities had to be faced and the etceteras of life were discarded. Anyhow, after the War there came a period when pictures and ornaments vanished from houses, and simplicity and space were sought after. These empty rooms were very often beautiful and restful, but they were austere, and few human beings are austere.

So gradually pictures came back to the walls, and ornaments began to appear here and there. But the ornaments in a modern room are very different in quality and quantity from those displayed in the early part of the century. The new breed of ornament is entirely different from any of its ancestors. They sit on our tables as paper-weights and ash-trays. Amazing animals prop open our doors, carry our candles or our table-lamps, sometimes even our flowers. Curious figures sit on our mantel-pieces. In Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley's new house there are in her drawing-room two sets of glass shelves, lit from behind, on which the most beautiful ornaments, mostly themselves of glass and many of them old, are arranged.

Modern ornaments come chiefly from abroad. Austria produces among the best and most amusing ornaments and these are to be found at the Merchant Adventurers.

The ornaments displayed in houses to-day are the modern jolly ones and the best of the old, and they are all alive-o, not frousty and dull like their Victorian predecessors. But they must be used sparingly or they lose their value.

M. I. Batten

PROBLEMS IN PORCELAIN: Even ornaments have their matrimonial difficulties and problems

A WHIMSICAL JAZZ BAND in Danish porcelain

HINTS *for the* HOUSEHOLDER

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE SERVING HATCH

Between Kitchen and Dining-Room

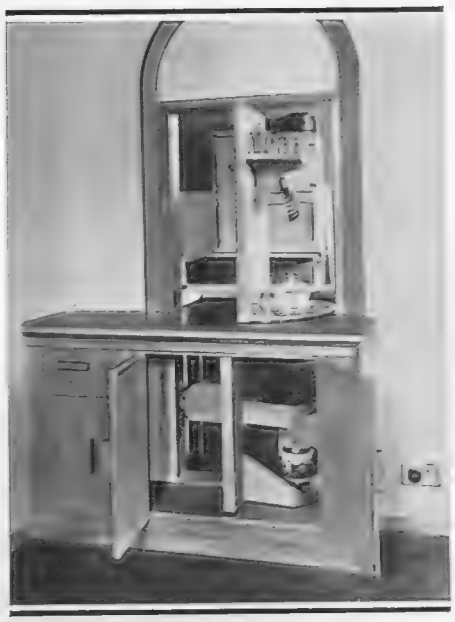
THE KITCHEN SIDE: In small flats the service hatch can be effectively combined with a kitchen dresser—an example in a Hampstead establishment designed by C. H. James, F.R.I.B.A.

With ordinary household arrangements the preparation and clearing away of meals entail several journeys between kitchen and dining-room for each meal. If some of these journeys can be eliminated a great saving is effected in time and labour. Miles of walking will be avoided in the course of a year and the task of the house-parlourmaid will be lightened 50 per cent.

Of course the truth of this has long been realized and has resulted generations ago in the use of trays. Without a tray it would be necessary to make countless journeys to and fro carrying a few things in one's hands. But the idea which inspired the first tray can be developed further. If kitchen and dining-room are on the same level, with no stairs or steps between them, a service wagon can take the place of a tray and will enable the table to be laid and the first course brought in all by one journey instead of three or four. Similarly clearing away may be done in one journey. For a service wagon is virtually three trays in one.

There are even wagons with three tiers, of which the upper and lower ones are made to swing round on a pivot, so that the wagon is convertible for use as an afternoon tea-table. A table of this kind can be laid in the kitchen in wagon form and converted in the lounge when it will be ready for use. But it is in journeying between kitchen and dining-room that a service-wagon is most invaluable.

If kitchen and dining-room are adjacent interiors an inter-communicating service hatch will be found even more convenient. **B. B.**



REVOLVING ON A CENTRE PIVOT: An unusual type of service hatch, consisting of a panel revolving on a pivot, designed by Horace W. Parnacott, A.R.I.B.A.

MICHAELMAS

Some Awe-Inspiring Thoughts on Moving By One Who Has Moved

I happened to pick up a volume on Relativity the other day—by Eddington or Larmar—I forget which, and tried to understand what movement in a spatial frame might be. It was very awe-inspiring and I soon left it, for I have to sing of a movement equally awe-inspiring—the movement of one's whole belongings from one house to another. For we are fast approaching one of those deep notches on the stem of Time, a quarter-day—Michaelmas signifies roast goose to the fortunate; to us, the stricken ones, it signifies a period of awful change. We are about to move. "Oh, you're moving, are you?" come the greetings of friends. The remark is accompanied by a significant glance—you are one about to enter a nerve-shattering conflict and he evidently has sub-consciously noted your physical and mental fitness for the ordeal.

You answer as cheerfully as the circumstances allow. You have just had a letter from your solicitor asking for all kinds of assurances as to your financial soundness—you wonder who would be the best person, your stomach goes hot and then cold with the thought of what the bank might say. But let us presume you have got your house on more or less reasonable terms—premiums are no longer the blanching terror they once were—and you are confronted with the next step—the house must be done up. It has first to be cleared of useless, ugly excrescences left by former tenants.

You go over all this with your builder—and the more carefully this is done in the first stages, the easier will be your path afterwards. You will soon realize how very necessary it is to vet a house thoroughly before you write that incriminating offer to the agents—grandpapa's voice tells you in husky tones to "remember the drains, my dear Angela" (especially if you are a widow will you get tons of advice). But as advice sometimes comes late I set down here three vital parts of a house's anatomy which may cause you to have to call in a doctor later on and a great and surprising expense if you do not satisfy yourself beforehand on these vital matters.

> You must have your house vetted in these three directions:
>
> (1) The Drains—This, as everyone knows, is a vital precaution
>
> (2) The Electric Wiring for
>
> (a)—Lighting
>
> (b)—Heating
>
> (3) The Boiler Plumbing for an efficient hot water supply.

One need not stress the first on this little list—it is so well known, but the importance of the second is not always realized with the acuteness which it necessitates. The existing arrangement of lights may be altogether useless to you—alterations may entail rewiring—and if you have decided to use electric stoves, the necessity for thoroughly overhauling your existing system of wiring is more compelling still. Your innocent desire to hire stoves brings down upon you an expert with an eye of horrid intensity—he probes and scrapes like any dentist determined to give you a completely new set. In a few moments you know your fate is sealed. You have to rewire completely to carry the dinky stoves you have set your heart upon. The third item, that of boiler plumbing, if not attended to, may set your heart thumping just as strongly and noisily as the pipes.

TOUCHING WOOD

The Mending and Preservation of Timber

Sticking down a piece of veneer which has sprung away from the solid wood beneath

Even in the best regulated homes accidents occur, and a pot of glue is an indispensable part of the household equipment.

A broken towel-rail, for instance, that refuses to stay fixed can easily be made firm by the use of a little glue, or perhaps a piece of beading of the furniture has loosened. Here, again, your glue-pot will supply the remedy.

In the nursery the owner of a glue-pot will be an extremely popular person, for in nursery worlds there is usually a soldier without a head, or maybe a legless horse.

The makers of "Croid," the well-known liquid glue, have evolved a handy little outfit called "The Croid Home Outfit," which is especially designed for these household jobs.

The outfit is very simple. All that is necessary is a teacupful of hot water, which is poured into the outside water container, and the glue is ready for use. A handy brush is provided, thus the work of mending is made easy and devoid of all messy preparations.

Every wise and practical householder is always on the look out for dry-rot, that deadly disease of timber which is so difficult to counteract. Solignum as a wood preservative is a very effective preventative and quite simple to use. Various types are made for household use, and one for outdoor woodwork as well.

Solignum, when applied to the worm-eaten parts of old oak, will also harden them up, stop the rot, and take all the damp out of the wood. Solignum, of course, is also invaluable as a floor stain; it may be obtained in a number of different colours, and leaves the floor with a smooth surface that will not wear off. **M. D.**

Fixing in a loose bar in a piece of furniture with the aid of Croid aero-glue

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

BACK TO CIVILIZATION: Shoes are one of the few conventions in costume at Biarritz that have not been discarded. Shawls and pyjamas, however, are the height of fashion

A BASQUE DWELLING: A typical example of the domestic architecture evolved by the "unconquered people" of Europe

After the railway line from Paris has passed Bordeaux, it runs into the heart of the Landes, through the midst of its aromatic pine forests, affording glimpses of its neat and prosperous looking villages and homes. It is hard to believe that once this land was poor and desolate, a land of rolling sand dunes at the most covered with sparse bushes and coarse grass; yet it was so until the pine trees were planted, and thus prosperity grew with each added growth to the trees and forests. The towns and villages are small and none of them are, as yet, touristic centres, so it remains an unspoilt country district; yet on the coast line, known as the "Côte d'Argent," there are quite a large number of excellent seaside resorts, mostly frequented by the French, but some of which, like Capbreton and Hossegor, neighbouring resorts, are attracting cosmopolitan society by the excellent facilities offered. Practically adjoining Capbreton is Hossegor whose attractive villas in Basque and Landais styles, laid out under the direction of noted artists, are situated amidst the forest on the shores of its lake. These lakes are a peculiarity of the Landes and are of all sizes and shapes, lying behind the dunes just separated from the sea. That of Hossegor is connected to the sea by a canal and forms the centre for the animated holiday life of the resort. It makes a bright picture under the rays of the sun to see the waters thronged with boats and canoes, its shores with bathers and swimmers. For golf, there is the choice of two or three links at Biarritz and as many more at St. Jean-de-Luz

MARKET IN BIARRITZ: The ancient Market Hall with trade in progress

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE GOTHIC: The charming Rue Kéréon and the west front of the Cathedral at Quimper

THE FISHER FOLK: Drying the sardine nets —which are of an enchanting azure tint—at Concarneau

BRITTANY: When the Bracken is Red

Suggestions for An Autumn Holiday in Westernmost France

An air of mystery rests over Brittany which the impact of modern times cannot quite dispel. The traditional association of this strange rock-bound land, thrusting its capes out into the stormy Atlantic, with the legendary histories of Cornwall and Wales, gives it an especial interest for the British traveller; while for the student of the pre-historic there are the famous alignments of Carnac which can provide him with weeks of study. August is commonly supposed to be one of the best times to visit Brittany, but as one well-instructed writer has put it:

"Brittany's summer visitors see one aspect only of the country and are conquered by its charm. But there are natives who find that aspect the least attractive. To the green and gay Brittany of the summer they prefer the golden Brittany of the springtime, when one is filled with the joy emanating from the great tracts of furze and broom, from the flower-decked valleys, and from the carpets of jonquils and hyacinths. They prefer also the Brittany of the autumn when the bracken has reddened, the seas are quarrel-some, and the skies are laden with great heavy clouds driven by a wind violent yet caressing. They even prefer the sterner and more melancholy aspect which, away from the Coast of Love and certain other sheltered spots, their beloved land presents in winter. For them, as for all who know the country and are imbued with its spirit:

'La mystique Bretagne est une bonne vieille
Dont la candeur enchante et la grâce émerveille.'"

No part of Europe contains so many megalithic monuments as Brittany. Within the province are more than six hundred dolmens, and more than eight hundred isolated menhirs, and these, more-over, present the grandest examples in the world. The largest, at Locmariaquer in Morbihan, is 67 ft. high and no less than 342 tons in weight. Cromlechs are also very common, some of rect-angular form. The great alignments near Carnac situated within a few miles of each other are, of course, the most celebrated megalithic monuments known to man.

From the holiday point of view, there are really two Brittanys to be considered. There is the northern coast, extending from Mont St. Michel to Brest, by way of Dinard with its grow-ing winter clientèle, Paramé, St. Malo, St. Servan, St. Briac, St. Cast, St. Brieuc on its little peninsular, Paimpol (immortalized by Pierre Loti in his *Pêcheur d'Islande*), Ile de Bréhat, which has been very popular of late with English families, Tréguier, Trégastel, Morlaix, a busy, picturesque little town, St. Paul de Léon, which has its own dialect, Roscoff, one of the mildest of Breton towns owing to the action of the Gulf Stream, through "the Calvary country" to Brest.

The second section may be said to start at Landerneau, near Brest, and runs through Quimper, L'Orient, Vannes, St. Nazaire, to Nantes. This *côté sud* includes such attractive places as Auray, the Castle of Josselin, and Quimperlé with its medieval houses. All are well served by rail and easily reached from the south-ern ports of England. The Southern Railway's Continental enquiry office will give the traveller a wealth of information on demand.

UNIQUE IN BRITTANY: The twelfth century central tower of St. Sauveur, the rounded angles of which are unmatched in the province and probably in the country

A RELIC OF VANNES: The tobacconist's by the fifteenth century porte-prison has been in its present last stages of collapse ever since living memory

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The PETROL World

By A. Percy Bradley

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

1932 PROGRAMMES.—Most of the leading manufacturers have now announced their programme for the new season. If anyone thought that the national economic crisis would make the motor trade more timid or less enterprising than in normal times these new programmes prove that any such assumption is hopelessly wrong. In general terms a move has been made towards offering the public a small engined car either just in or just out of the Baby class with comfortable accommodation for four adults, and the 12-h.p. 6-cylinder car looks like becoming even more popular than was the case last year. More than one well-known manufacturer has decided this year to tackle this particular market.

AUSTIN.—Dealing now with the actual programmes I will first of all touch on that of the Austin Motor Company. They are not introducing any new models so far as the chassis is concerned, but then it must be remembered that their 12-h.p. 6-cylinder car was offered to the public for the first time only early this year. Starting off with the world-famous 7-h.p. Baby I note that no alterations have been made to the chassis. The Austin Motor Company believe in making changes in design only where it is absolutely necessary, and not just for the sake of making an alteration as each twelve months go by. The fact that the past season has been a record one for them, in spite of depressions closer to hand than at Iceland, proves that their policy is abundantly correct. A new *de luxe* saloon has been added to the body range on this small chassis. The car is upholstered in real leather and a sunshine roof is fitted, while new type wings, wheels, and headlamps add to the pleasing appearance of the car as a whole. Prices of all the 7-h.p. models have been reduced. The famous Austin Twelve-Six can now be obtained as an open touring car and as a two-seater. This shows that the makers believe that there is still a demand for the touring car as distinct from the saloon. The prices remain the same, and those of the two open cars are the same as is the case with the Harley Saloon. The 4-cylinder Austin Twelve is retained, the price being reduced by approximately £27 in the case of the Burnham Saloon de Luxe. The Sixteen-Six remains unaltered, except that certain new body designs have been added. Prices for these cars show a substantial reduction in many cases. Coming now to the largest of the Austin models, namely, the 6-cylinder Twenty, a new chassis having a wheel-base of 10 ft. has been brought out for use with certain of the owner-driver models. The lightening of this shortened chassis has been effected by the use of new front and rear axles. This car can also be obtained with the same wheel base as existed previously. The prices for these cars have also diminished.

TWO STARS: Miss Viola Tree, the celebrated actress who has just returned from America, with her "Kaye Don" Singer Six

A DOUBLE WINNER: Miss Paddie Naismith, driving an Avon Standard coupé on a "Little Nine" chassis in the Ulster International Motor Rally, won the Ladies' Cup and the first prize in the Concours d'Elegance

MORRIS. — The Morris range for 1932 is much larger than heretofore. The previous models have been augmented by the addition of what is known as the Morris Family Eight and the Morris Major. Dealing with the first of these new additions, the Family Eight is available either as a four-door coach-built saloon or as a sports coupé. It has a 4-cylinder engine with overhead valves and has been so designed that, even with an engine taxed at £8 per annum, there is ample room for four full-sized occupants in the body. It is, in fact, a big car in conception and performance, but gives the owner the advantage of economies. It sells as a saloon with a sliding head at £152 10s. The Morris Major Six is, as its name denotes, a 6-cylinder job. It has the refinement of a 4-speed twin-top gear-box and it is taxed at £14 per annum. The price of this car with a fixed-head saloon is £199 10s. All the existing models have been greatly improved, and it is interesting to note that now, even in the smallest cars, the petrol tank is placed at the rear. All models have radiators of new design, and these undoubtedly add to the appearance and distinction of the vehicles. On all the 6-cylinder models there are 4-speed gear-boxes with silent thirds. New sports coupés are announced and these are of attractive design. The well-known Morris Cowley can be obtained with alternative engine sizes, one having a tax of £12 and the other of £14 per annum.

SINGER. — The Singer Company evidently do not intend to rest on their laurels, for they have improved their cars which were so popular last year and have introduced a new 12-h.p. 6-cylinder chassis. This new car is listed only as a saloon, and sells at £225, with a very full equipment. The annual tax is £13, and the engine which has a cubic capacity of 1,476 cc. has

(Continued on p. 402)

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SEVEN MODELS

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE (Including Extras)	SPECIAL FEATURES
De Luxe Saloon . .	£128.0.0	£140. 0.0	With sunshine roof and upholstered in leather from best selected hide.
Standard Saloon . .	£118.0.0	£130. 0.0	Upholstered in wool repp or leather cloth.
Tourer	£118.0.0	£122.10.0	Upholstered in leather cloth.
Two-Seater . . .	£118.0.0	£122.10.0	

TWELVE-FOUR MODELS

Burnham De Luxe Saloon	£288.0.0	£316.19.0	With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels.
New Windsor Saloon	£268.0.0		With new all-steel body of attractive appearance.

TWELVE-SIX MODELS

New De Luxe Harley Saloon	£225.0.0		With sunshine roof and bumpers. Upholstered in leather from best selected hide or moquette.
Harley Saloon . .	£198.0.0	£198.0.0	Upholstered in wool repp or leather cloth.
New Open Road Tourer	£198.0.0		Entirely new bodies. Upholstered in leather cloth.
New Eton Two-Seater . . .	£198.0.0		

SIXTEEN MODELS

Burnham De Luxe Saloon (six window) . .	£325.0.0	£352.19.0	With sunshine roof, bumpers and Magna wheels. Upholstered in leather from best selected hide, moquette or repp.
New Westminster Saloon (four window) .	£350.0.0		New model with de luxe finish as above.

SIXTEEN MODELS

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE (Including Extras)	SPECIAL FEATURES
Burnham De Luxe Saloon (with drop-head)	£325.0.0		With bumpers and Magna wheels. Upholstered in leather from best selected hide, moquette or repp.
New Windsor Saloon	£298.0.0		With new all-steel body having low and pleasing lines.
Open Road Tourer	£290.0.0	£310.0.0	Roomy five-seater with full all-weather equipment.
Harrow Two-Seater	£290.0.0	£310.0.0	With smart lines and comfortable dickey-seat.

TWENTY MODELS

Ranelagh Limousine or Landaulet (wheelbase 11' 4") . .	£575.0.0	£587.15.0	With bumpers, Magna wheels and Vaumol hide or repp upholstery.
Mayfair Saloon (wheelbase 10' 10") . .	£550.0.0	£552.15.0	With sunshine roof, bumpers, Magna wheels and Vaumol hide or repp upholstery.
New Whitehall Saloon (wheelbase 10')	£525.0.0		With special light chassis, sunshine roof, bumpers, Magna wheels and Vaumol hide or repp upholstery.
New Carlton Saloon (wheelbase 10') . . .	£498.0.0		With special light chassis, fixed roof, bumpers, Magna wheels and leather upholstery.

All models have Triplex glass, Dunlop tyres and chromium finish.

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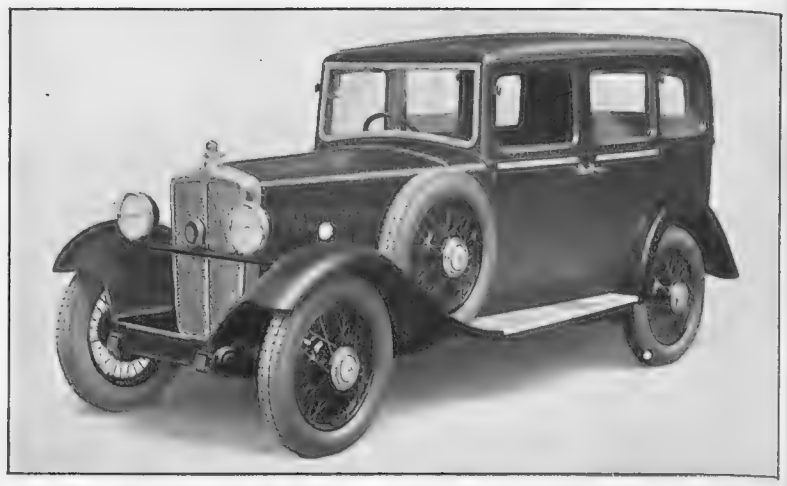

A WELL-KNOWN CAR IN A NOVEL SHAPE: The Morris Cowley fixed head saloon for the coming season has a handsome new radiator, Magna wire wheels and Lockheed hydraulic brakes among other refinements

The PETROL WORLD— *Continued from p. 400*

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

side-by-side valves. A 4-speed gear box with central control is employed, and this has a silent third speed. Other models include the Eighteen-Six, and this, like all other Singer models, has a 4-speed with a silent third-gear-box. The annual tax on this car is £18 and, as in the case of the Twelve-Six, side-by-side valves are employed. Then we have the Silent-Six, which has the same bore as the Eighteen-Six and therefore the same tax, but its longer stroke provides a greater cubic capacity. Then again, the engine has overhead valves which, in conjunction with other features of the design, make it a very fast and quiet motor car. The most luxurious model in the Singer range is the Kaye Don Saloon. The chassis is similar to that of the Silent-Six, but the bodywork is more than usually striking, not only in appearance, but in workmanship. The famous Junior Singer is continued, but with many improvements. An altogether new car which has practically the same chassis as the Junior is that known as the Junior-Special. The engine dimensions are increased and the bodywork is a small replica of the larger Kaye Don Saloon. The 10-h.p. Singer, which was introduced for the first time at Olympia last year, still figures in the range.

RILEY. — Prices have been maintained in the new Riley programme, although many improvements have taken place in all models. The most striking alteration is the new drop frame on the well-known Riley Nine. The side members have been lowered by nearly six inches, which naturally gives a very low centre of gravity, thus increasing safety and providing more head-room along with accommodation for three people in the rear compartment. In other words, the Riley Nine Saloon is now a genuine five-seater. These cars will be known as the Plus Ultra series, being a development of he 1931 Plus cars. Even the present year's models had the distinction of having the lowest frames of any standard car, but now that they have been dropped a further six inches their claim is even more secure. New types of coachwork have been designed, including a very attractive coupé and a smart sports two-seater to be known as the Gamecock. Other cars are the Overseas model which sells for £310, the Brooklands model, and the various models in the 6-cylinder range.

ROVER. — The Rover Company have announced their 1932 programme, and its outstanding feature is the introduction of an entirely new car to be known as the Rover Pilot. This car has a 12-h.p. 6-cylinder engine, and sells as a coach-built saloon for £225. It has been designed to meet the growing demand for a light 6-cylinder car of medium power. A 4-speed gear-box with a silent third is included in the specification. The Family Ten, the Two Litre, and the Meteor models are retained, but many improvements have been effected. For a long time there have been rumours of the introduction of a very cheap Rover car, and now we are told definitely that this will be known as the Rover Scarab and will sell at £85. In design it is somewhat unorthodox, as it has an air-cooled engine placed behind the back axle, and also independently sprung wheels. The makers have not yet issued a full specification, but there is no doubt when the car is offered for sale it will cause a tremendous sensation.

HUMBER-HILLMAN.—The Hillman and Humber programmes show that the combine will still continue to give outstanding value for money. The main features in the Hillman range are the Wizard and the Vortic. No radical changes have been made, but the Vortic at its new price of £375 will undoubtedly enjoy even greater popularity than before. A new sports saloon on this chassis has been introduced. The Wizard, which has only recently been brought on to the market, will continue with the same specification as before. Later on a third model in the shape of a really small car will be announced, but at the moment no particulars are available. Many detailed improvements have been made in the Humber models, but the basic design remains unchanged. As regards prices, only in the case of the Snipe has there been any alteration. An all round reduction of £20 has been made in the range. Amongst the details to be improved are the steering, the brakes, and the front suspension. The Pullman Humbers have now ultra-luxurious bodywork.

TRIUMPH. — The Triumph Motor Company have announced the introduction of an altogether new 9-h.p. model to be known as the Super-Nine. The second important introduction is the use of a four-door body on what is known as a Baby car. This has been obtained by doing away with the usual upright between the doors. The engine of the new Super-Nine is of a type not at present employed on small cars, for it has the inlet valves situated immediately over the exhaust valves. This car sells as a two-four seater *de luxe* or as a six-light coach-built saloon at £175. The 6-cylinder Scorpion which was shown to the public for the first time at Olympia last year has been improved in many respects, whilst at the same time the prices have been materially reduced.

"SPHERE" MOTOR SHOW NUMBERS

The issues of "The Sphere" of October 10 and 17 will deal comprehensively with the great annual event in "The Petrol World"—the Motor Show at Olympia. Mr. Percy Bradley, M.I.A.E., A.M.I. Mech. E., Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and the Motoring Editor of "The Sphere" will contribute in the issue of October 10, a special section of comment, fully illustrated, upon the 1932 models produced by the great firms, a special subsection being devoted to each motor-maker's programme; while the issue of October 17 will deal with the social and trade aspects of the popular function

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NOTES AND NEWS

BELIEF IN YOUTH

It seems as if the solution of our present industrial troubles is going to be a young man's job after all—like the winning of the War.

Mr. L. T. NECK: The Managing Director of the Columbia Gramophone Company, Ltd.

Outside finance and politics there is heavy work to be done, work that involves strenuous labour and sustained energy which only the physical vitality of young men can cope with. The older men can help with their experience and wisdom, but the young men must take the strain, and it is good to see that the gramophone industry realizes this. The swift expansion of the gramophone and radio-gramophone trade during the last ten years proves that it is not lacking in enthusiasm and enterprise, and now at a critical juncture in its development it has shown the right spirit by closing its ranks, uniting its forces and promoting the right men to the key positions on merit and capability.

Following on the merger of the two great companies—H.M.V. and Columbia — certain changes in management have been made which have attracted considerable interest in commercial circles; not the least of these is the appointment to the managing directorship of the Columbia Company of a young man—still in "the thirties"—who only seven years ago entered the industry in a comparatively junior capacity. Mr. Leslie T Neck, the new managing director, displays just that spirit which justifies an enterprising organization like the Columbia Company in placing him at the helm in these rather unsettled times.

A soldier at twenty-one, Staff Officer in France at twenty-two, winning the Military Cross in 1918, Mr. Neck retains all the optimistic courage that enabled the youth of this country to achieve so distinguished a record during the War. He believes that the same courage is available now—and will win through.

A FACTORY IN COLOURED LIGHT

One of the most striking demonstrations of floodlighting in connection with the International Illumination Congress held in London from September 1 is provided at Carreras' "Black Cat" factory in the Hampstead Road. A feature that is unique as far as Europe is concerned is the use of two-colour effects, and four colour changes are made every minute.

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THE VICEROY AND HIS STAFF: This picture has been received from Lord Willingdon's Secretary. *From left to right: Back row*—Captain C. R. Budgen, A.D.C.; Miss Thorburn; Captain J. Brittain-Jones, A.D.C.; Lieut.-Colonel H. Thorburn, C.I.E., Surgeon; Mr. L. C. Griffin, Assistant Private Secretary; Captain R. J. Streatfield, A.D.C.; Flight-Lieutenant V. B. Bennett, A.D.C.; Major A. L. B. Anderson, Comptroller; Mrs. Anderson; Captain M. G. D. Clive, A.D.C. *Seated*—Lieut.-Colonel Ismay, C.B., D.S.O., Military Secretary; Mrs. Mieville; H.E. the Viceroy; the Countess of Willingdon; Mr. E. C. Mieville, C.M.G., Private Secretary; Mrs. Ismay

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